THE CHALLENGE OF LIFE

David H. Pavitt

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By Judge Charles Forrest Moore

Introduction by

The Rev. Dr. S. Parkes Cadman

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To the memory of

DONNA ELIZABETH MATTHEWS

who tarried only long enough to find
her way into my heart,
this little book is affectionately
dedicated

INTRODUCTION

Much of the literature of power has been created by physical loss and disability, or by the struggles of a spirit wrestling with its fate. The book that follows this brief introduction belongs to the category I have named. It is personal, experimental, vital; a transcript of the heart vivified by extraordinary circumstances which the world terms good, or again, evil. Without indulging in the insolence of ill-founded hopes, I am convinced that these chapters written by my friend, Charles Forrest Moore, chronicle lasting gains. Their contents vary: events and the moralizings they evoked are here blended; the contradictions and the paradoxes of the mystery of human life are not wanting. But one discerns throughout the volume an everbroadening, deep-

ening current of what the Greeks meant by "wisdom." And this "wisdom" is the sole control and consolation of our human lot when it is swept by tempestuous trials and sorrows. Nothing sublimates men and women as does affliction. Where it mounts to tragedy, the transformation mounts with it. No sensible person decries happiness. Neither will he enthrone it above blessedness. Though one cannot always be happy, he can, if he will, be blessed. Herein is the permanent condition which furnishes compensations, readjustments, renewals, and best of all, it recreates the fortitude which conquers, the rarest of the list of virtues.

Religion is justified of its children because, taken at its best, it produces faith, hope, courage and fortitude. Dogma and creed do not originate these salient traits, so necessary as they are to a brave challenge of life's thrilling adventure. They originate dogma and creed, and in their turn themselves proceed from the supreme

will of benevolence and justice which presides over our sentient being. That will shall endure when all else is shaken or abolished, and to its infinite care and protection I commend this messenger and his message.

It is no soothsaying and he is not writing it as a pastime. The dignified and considerate approach here made to serious problems, some of which are insurgent enough, lends value to the book.

S. Parkes Cadman

June 4, 1925.

PREFACE

WHAT I have here written is intensely and perhaps unpardonably personal; not on account of any desire to attract attention to myself, but for the reason that I have used the material of my own experience in making the book. A more accomplished writer might be able to separate himself from what he sees and feels, which, unfortunately, I am not sufficiently skilled in the art of literature to do.

In the writing and publishing of these memories and meditations my only thought has been that in this way some assistance might be afforded to others who pass along the same road I have traveled. If my footsteps are not worthy to be followed, they may at least serve to indicate certain places of danger into which I have heedlessly ventured, thus enabling the reader to avoid them.

Should this book serve in even the smallest way to brighten the life or to lighten the load of any who may read it, I shall be both satisfied and happy. Good luck and good wishes for every one into whose hands it may fall.

CHARLES FORREST MOORE.

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LIFE'S INTERRUPTED PLANS

WHAT I believe to be the most profitable experiences of my life have seldom been of my own choosing. They have come to me unbidden, and ofttimes unannounced. Many of them indeed I would have avoided, if any way of escape had been open. And, moreover, I am persuaded that most men and women who speak the truth and make no concealment concerning themselves would, if called upon, bear testimony in accord with my own.

Very few of us enter upon the responsible period of our existence, it is true, without having more or less definitely planned the course we mean to pursue; but the architect of his own fortune is ordinarily obliged to revise his specifications so often and so radically that sooner or later the original blue-prints must be discarded altogether. Building a career is not unlike building a house; the changes required to correct mistakes in design and the additional cost of providing the essentials overlooked in the beginning usually result in the completion of a structure less pretentious than we had planned, but far more expensive.

The man who succeeds in his undertakings, or who accomplishes anything particularly noteworthy, wants you to believe that he is solely responsible for what he has done; but when the outcome is disappointing he

assures you the failure is due entirely to circumstances over which he has no control. Of course we are all mislead at times by advisers whose zeal surpasses their wisdom; yet I must frankly confess the most of my own misplaced confidence has been placed in myself. Once in a while I have gone wrong by following the directions of another, though the biggest blunders of my career have been conceived and executed without assistance.

Foresight is to be commended; but it does not follow that every man who carries a lantern and looks ahead is hunting for an opportunity to render a helpful service. Some stand upon the shore and gaze out upon the troubled waters who are not engaged in the merciful task of rescuing the shipwrecked. Pioneer caravans that ventured across the wide stretch of the trackless plains were attended not only by their faithful guides, but likewise by hungry coyotes and impatient vultures.

The deep interest men take in the untried future is not in every case inspired by a sincere yearning to make the best of their existence. Too often I fear we map out the course of our journeying in the same manner that the skilful engineer locates a highway; not aiming so much at the directness of the route as to avoid the heavy grades and to escape the irksomeness of a rapid ascent. More than once have I wasted my time in a long and circuitous detour for no better reason than that I lacked the courage to climb straight up the rugged steep immediately ahead. The crookedness of our paths may frequently be charged to the attempt men are prone to make to evade hardship. No one who habitually dodges difficulties can hope to leave a straight trail behind him.

It is just as true also that this disposition to find the easiest way may at times lead us to assume needless risk and to invite possible disaster. I recall an instance of that kind when, long years ago, I came near losing my own life by chancing a crossing on thin and doubtful ice to save walking a half-mile to a point where the stream was spanned by a perfectly safe bridge. So it appears that, strangely inconsistent as we find it, the same dread of laborious effort which at one time robs us of the courage to encounter a difficulty gives us at another time the courage to face a peril.

As long as men have lived upon the earth, and as much as we have gathered from the experience of all the ages, we have apparently come no nearer to the acceptance of definite and invariable rules by which to order our lives than the remotest of our ancestors had done, so far as we have knowledge. In everything pertaining to human existence better progress seems to have been made than in the one thing which concerns us must—the art of consistently pursuing life's highest ideals.

The ways of men are devious and past finding out. Not only are we led astray by our inherent frailties, but we are likewise frequently betrayed into stepping aside from the better way by the nobler impulses and passions of the soul, to which we look for our ultimate redemption. Beauty may entice us into places of danger and love may lure us into the embrace of death.

In pursuit of the sweet-voiced bird or in quest of the unfolding flowers of the springtime the trusting child forsakes the shelter of its own home and the tender care of its own mother to wander on and on until it loses

itself in the solitude of the wilderness, from the density and darkness of which it is utterly unable to retrace its steps. So, too, men, forgetting for the moment their own safety, may be urged into forbidden ways by the very affections that were intended to guide them aright.

After all, it matters not with what sincerity of purpose or with what untiring energy one may strive to conform to a well-defined scheme of life, the coveted goal is by no means sure of attainment. More often than otherwise we disembark in some port far distant from that for which we set sail; situated, perhaps, upon the hidden shore of an uncharted sea. And for this wide departure from the course we meant to pursue the fault is not always entirely our own. Resistless winds and unconquerable tides, with which no man can reckon and against which none can prevail, may turn us aside. Robert Burns was but voicing the experience of the ages when he wrote the oft-repeated lines:

> But, Mousie, thou art no thy lane,
> In proving foresight may be vain:
> The best-laid schemes o' mice an' men
> Gang aft a-gley.

When I look back over the receding years of my eventful, if yet unprofitable, life I am persuaded that not a single day nor hour of it has been lived in strict accordance with my original intent. I have not only been surprised by the repeated alterations in my plans, but I have been startled as well by the swiftness and completeness of their reversals. It has been the exception rather than the rule when I have been able to accomplish the

things I set out to do, at the time and in the manner of my purpose.

It has been my endeavor to peer as steadily into the future, perhaps, as most men, and I have not been altogether heedless of the experience of those who have gone ahead of me, yet I speak the truth when I tell you that the straggling footprints I have left behind me might as readily have been made by one who was utterly blind and altogether lacking in the sense of direction. There appears to be an aimlessness and an uncertainty in their planting, and a manifest want of coordination, which, conscious as I am of an ever-present purpose, completely bewilders me. In spite of all the definiteness with which I had charted the path I meant to pursue, I rarely found myself in it; and then only in crossing it from one side to the other.

More and more I am convinced that the shifting of direction so commonly observed in the course of human endeavor is not always due to the instability of aim; the target itself may not be firmly planted. I remember to have heard my well-balanced father illustrate this by a story which he told in the days of my barefoot boyhood. We stood at the end of a corn-field, gazing admiringly at a long, straight furrow he had just plowed the full length of the field. Explaining the secret of the achievement, he told us it was his practice to never look down when engaged in this work, but to keep his eye fixed steadily upon some object at the far end of the field. Then he told us also that even in this caution must be exercised, for he had heard of a youth who wandered all over the field with his plow, because the object he

had chosen to keep him straight proved to be a grazing cow. In this case the correctness of his aim led him astray.

This little incident serves to demonstrate the importance not only of following the direction of the compass but also of being sure it is set by the fixed stars. It likewise teaches the necessity for maintaining a proper location and an habitual steadfastness in our own lives; for some one else who believes in us may be steering with hope and confidence directly toward us.

When I consider the deep-seated inclination of the human heart to penetrate the regions of the unknown and to explore the mysteries of the forbidden, remembering too the countless diverging paths, with their misleading sign-boards and tempting promises of thrilling adventure, I am surprised not so much by the great number who deliberately or innocently go astray as I am by the many who steadfastly pursue the better way to the very end. I can but honor their courage and perseverance. My own face is set in the direction of their going, but such progress as I make at all is made with weariness and delay; for, instead of playing directly and easily over the fairway I find myself, like the unskilled golfer, plodding painfully through the rough, digging out of traps and struggling over hazards; so that when I finally reach the green it is the triumph of my endurance rather than of my art. And thus the small measure of success I have been able to achieve begets within me a sense of gratitude rather than a sense of pride.

ARREST AND IMPRISONMENT

THROUGHOUT the succeeding years in which I had vainly pursued the elusive and disappointing objects of my ambition I had grown accustomed to the recurring interruptions and failures which so often attended my efforts; yet I was not altogether prepared for the experience which befell me when with little warning I was subjected to arrest and imprisonment.

It did not happen, however, in the humiliating manner suggested by this unexplained announcement. I was not actually halted by the threatening command of the uniformed officer of the law, nor taken into his vigilant custody. I did not feel the weight of his heavy hand upon my shoulder, nor were my wrists adorned by the glittering steel of his persuasive bracelets. I was not forcibly escorted to an awaiting cell wherein I might enjoy the watchful hospitality of the state, nor ushered into the presence of a solemn jury to defend myself against grave accusations. I was not shorn of the few fading locks that clung to my brow with pathetic loyalty nor required to garb myself in the conventional horizontal stripes which so unerringly designate the unwilling guest of the commonwealth. Yet, lacking the ignominy and remorse incident to the detention for crime, my arrest was more authoritative and my imprisonment more ef-

fective than they could have been made by the imperative demand of the law in the execution of punitive justice.

I have referred to this occurrence as my arrest and imprisonment for the reason that these terms are accurately descriptive of what really happened to me. "Arrest" is defined as bringing one to a sudden stop; and that is just what I experienced. "Imprisonment" means to be deprived of one's liberty. It is a restraint laid upon one's activity; an abridgment of one's freedom. This too was the condition in which I found myself. Neither bolts nor bars could have held me in closer confinement than I was held by the fetters of my own infirmity. For three long years it has not required the attendance of a guard to prevent my escape. No galley slave has ever been more securely fastened by his clanking chains than I have been anchored by my own helplessness. It is not doing violence to the truth, therefore, when I say I was arrested and held as a prisoner.

The similitude may possibly be further extended. In the administration of civic justice restraint is placed upon those who transgress the law; so there is plausible warrant for the contention that every physical ailment is but the penalty exacted for disobedience to the regulations ordained for the guidance of human existence. In the face of observation and experience it is hard to escape the conclusion that sooner or later we must answer for every material violation. The annoying discomforts incident to an unrestrained indulgence, the throbbing head of the "morning after"—not to mention the graver visitations that follow graver offences—testify to the perpetual existence of a rigid code.

Most of our ailments may be readily traced to their sources, if we have the courage and take the pains to search for the cause. Even when there is complete concealment of the source, may it not be true that in our physical existence, as in our relations to organized society, ignorance of the law does not secure immunity to those who are guilty of actual transgression. Possibly then it would be nearer the truth to speak of our personal afflictions as retributions rather than misfortunes. Suffering may after all be but the price we pay for disobedience.

Much as we may dread it, imprisonment, like every other disagreeable experience, is not without its compensations; one among them being that it affords the man who is detained an opportunity, which he might not otherwise enjoy, to make his own acquaintance. Likewise it affords the chance he may sorely need to come to a better understanding of the real issues of human life; concerning which few of us who are unrestrained make diligent inquiry.

Absorbed by a consuming interest in the things they are free to pursue and goaded on by the spirit of competitive effort, men soldom pause long enough to commune intimately with their own souls or to seriously contemplate their own destinies. They come, therefore, to the end of their lives with as little knowledge of the eternal purpose as they had at the very beginning. The things of today so crowd themselves about us that we can neither look back upon yesterday's fading picture nor look ahead upon tomorrow's rich promise. The joys and sorrows of the present hour clamor for our attention,

and usually get it. It is not strange, therefore, that so many of us not only fail to make the best of the few short years we live upon the earth but approach with reluctant misgiving the vast unknown that awaits us, into the deep mysteries of which we have not penetrated with so much as a single anxious thought.

Until I was abruptly halted in the course of my pursuit, and was thus obliged to fill the lingering hours of my enforced solitude with a sincere effort to arrive at a just appraisal of my own intellectual and spiritual estate I had little dreamed of my near approach to insolvency. With the first dawn of the new light and the lifting of the clouds of my self-deception, I was at first appalled by that sense of impotency and insecurity which comes to one in the midst of strange environment. Then, with the further unfolding of the truth, I was astounded at the crudeness of my conceptions and the unripeness of my convictions concerning those vital questions which every man must sooner or later look squarely in the face and try to answer. The conclusions I had previously accepted as meeting the hasty requirements of expediency were suddenly made to appear vague and unsatisfying in the revealing light of an earnest inquiry. The reason for this being that, like yourself, perhaps, certainly like most persons, I had year after year thrust these things aside, not having time, as I thought, to make their acquaintance—and possibly too because it is not always comforting to know the truth.

No man can ever hope to come to a true understanding of his own heart or of what there is in it who does not have time for calm and deliberate reflections; and

this may be had only when he is alone. One cannot indulge profound meditation in the presence of another living being. In a casual sort of way we may contemplate many things without withdrawing ourselves from the world, but such is the timidity of the human soul that it will not even whisper its own secrets until securely cloistered where no other mortal dare approach. More or less distinct impressions may be inspired by the surrounding throng, and passing opinions may be formed in the presence of the multitude; but no man can ever reach a deep or an abiding conviction until he has shut himself in and shut the world out where none may intrude save the omnipotent God. It is the knowledge of this truth which through all the ages has induced devout men and women to withdraw themselves from the turbulence of busy life that they may search their own souls in the serenity and silence of monastic seclusion.

It is a matter of frequent comment that comparatively few people are able to express themselves with readiness or clarity; and this we are prone to attribute to a slowness of speech. The trouble in most cases, however, lies deeper. The embarrassment is not so often one of utterance as it is one of thought. The reason in some cases does more stammering than the tongue. There are those, it is true, who have difficulty in finding expression; though ordinarily it does not require the gift of eloquence to convey the meaning of one who has formed a definite opinion. A vague conception loses none of its ambiguity by putting it into words; nor can any human voice carry a conviction that does not exist. The human intellect must in the very nature of things conceive be-

fore it can give birth to its offspring: nor is the barrenness of ideas so common among men necessarily due to a weakness or deformity of their own intellects: more often it is for want of that undisturbed repose to be had only in the hours of solitary existence. No serious problem was ever solved in the boisterous confusion of the public lobby.

Then again there are those who misdirect their exclusiveness. Some have attained conspicuous success in their chosen lines of endeavor, who, so long as they are able to continue therein, devote themselves so entirely to the one purpose as to forbid their reaching a broad understanding of life's true significance. Their very singleness of aim and concentration of effort too often serve to contract rather than to expand their souls. They dig so deep into the narrow groove of self-interest that there is no chance to extend their vision beyond its walls nor to share the service and satisfaction to be found only in the comradeship of the world which lies outside. It is amazing that there are so many who, though they have mastered the intricacies of their own particular callings, are, nevertheless, utterly ignorant of all besides. They are able to speak only in the parlance of their own trade and to understand only that utterance which is couched in the language of their own craft. What a pity that any should deprive themselves of that sense of satisfying emotion which comes from a faithful performance of the unselfish service the world has a right to expect and demand! So the same misfortune which brings to one the blessings of solitude may deliver another from the shackles of selfishness.

Those who deny themselves the benefits of meditation may be pardoned for so doing, if it results from a continuous and diligent application to profitable employment; but there is no excuse for those whose time is wholly occupied in the search for personal gratification, from which comes much of the world's weariness. Some of the busiest people fill their days with a toiling that accomplishes no good purpose, if indeed it does not add to the already oppressive burden weighing upon the shoulders of tired and despairing men. It is much easier to engage the sympathetic and intelligent attention of one who has worked to the limit of human endurance than of one overcome by the fatigue of an excessive inactivity. About the most difficult task one may undertake is the reanimation of the individual who has reached the final stages of a chronic and malignant indolence.

I am not one of those who everlastingly laud the virtues of the olden days to the disparagement of the generation in which they live; yet somehow I cannot rid myself of the impression long since forced upon me that the individual opinions of men are less distinct and individual convictions are less enduring today than they were formerly. And, if that be true, it means that public opinion is less stable; for after all the voice of the people is but the universal chorus in which all may join who care to be heard. No generation thinks or feels above the level of the individuals who live therein. If, therefore, there is an ambiguity in our national purpose or a fickleness in our national effort, it is because the individual citizen is not firmly anchored to a conviction.

I am inclined to believe we have more of the knowledge that comes but less of the wisdom which lingers than had the people of this country a century and a half ago. One who reviews with painstaking care the story of colonial struggles and colonial achievements cannot fail to be impressed, if not astounded, by the firmness of the faith and the vigor of expression of the people of that time. There was a definiteness about their religious and political belief which gave them that sternness of purpose and consistency of effort that brooks no denial; and it was in this wholesome atmosphere that American independence was established. The succeeding generations do not seem to have enlarged the scope or to have bettered the application of the real principles underlying the superstructure of our proud republic. In these latter days indeed we are so often veered by shifting winds and carried adrift by the tides of indecision that at intervals we are obliged to return to the ancient moorings, where we may again study the stars of our destiny and reckon the course of our voyaging.

In most respects American progress has exceeded the fondest hopes of all who have had part in its planning; yet I doubt whether we have moved forward a single step in the art of statesmanship or in the science of good government. If you will trouble to compare the speeches and writings of the men who shaped the course of national events in the earlier days of our existence with the speeches and writings of the men and the women who perform that service today, I do not believe you will find a great deal to stimulate pride in the current generation. Modern methods of leadership are not unlike

the speech once delivered by a certain member of congress, concerning which a wise listener said: "It contained some good things that were not new, and some new things that were not good."

Does any one believe the state papers of more recent date, with a few isolated exceptions, compare favorably in wisdom or form of expression with those of Washington, Jefferson and others down to and including Lincoln? Search the *Congressional Record* covering the last half century, then tell me what it contains that approaches the masterly addresses of Webster, Clay, Calhoun and others of their time who stirred the public mind and conscience to their very depth whenever they undertook the discussion of living issues? Are the children in the public schools taught to memorize and recite senatorial speeches of recent vintage?

To this day I can repeat every word of the impassioned appeal delivered by Patrick Henry before the Virginia House of Burgesses, but I cannot recall a single sentence that has come out of Washington for many moons which impressed me as being sufficiently important to charge my mind with its retention. The goods are not worth the cost of storage.

In the exercise of their right of free and unlimited coinage of speech the representatives of the people have issued a prodigious amount of commonplace expression, so palpably designed to serve the ends of political expediency, that it is neither remembered nor deserving of remembrance. In the search for political wisdom no well-informed man ever turns his attention to the late records of our legislative bodies. The surface outcroppings do not

tempt the prospector to stick a pick into the huge mountain, much less to sink a shaft into its hidden contents.

It is not now the custom of thoughtful fathers to gather about them the members of their households in the quiet hour of the evening that they may read for their edification the keynote speeches of our national political conventions. Even parents are forbidden by our constitution to inflict cruel or unusual punishment. Party platforms of modern construction are often of much greater length than the Declaration of Independence, but rarely approach it in other dimensions. Sundry repairs have been made to the Constitution, though the texture of the patches which have been stitched upon it do not seem to be of better quality than the original fabric.

All things considered, I am convinced that in the earlier days men did more thinking and straighter thinking than they do now: not on account of a superior order of intelligence, but for the reason that their surroundings were more conducive to calm and deliberate meditation. Indeed, the very things to which we point for evidence of human progress—few, if any, of which we could readily or wisely dispense with—to a very great extent account for the change suggested.

Modern facilities for accomplishment have multiplied immeasurably; and the ease with which our ordinary tasks may now be performed too often inclines us to relax our individual effort and to discount our individual responsibility. The aim seems to be at mass production by standardized methods and labor-saving devices rather than at the limited creation of enduring things by original design and consecrated endeavor.

The countless distractions which now crowd themselves into what we once called our leisure hours seldom disturbed the repose of pioneer days. In that period of rugged existence, before idleness had become a profession or toil a penal servitude, busy men and women were wont to relax their efforts once in a while that they might rest their weary bodies and engage for the time in helpful contemplation. True, there has never been a lack of the recreative diversions so essential to well-balanced living, but even these were indulged in moderation by our forefathers. What used to be wholesome pastimes have in many cases become habitual dissipations; and they have so multiplied that they swarm about us like the devouring locusts that once infested the plains of Egypt.

We do not have to go back into the far distant past to find evidences of this great change. The indulgence which every child now regards as a necessary part of his daily life was an event to which I looked both forward and back when I was a boy, and I am not yet revered for my antiquity. Except as it may be required to perform the tasks assigned by the schoolmaster, there is little burning of the midnight oil in the eager search for truth these days. Far more of that priceless liquid is consumed in joy-riding than for the purpose of mental illumination. The children of the age prefer the white lights of Broadway to the lamp of knowledge. Nor is this choice limited to those of tender years. Midnight feasts and midnight follies lure more fathers and mothers than the armchair by the fireside. If one wants a quiet evening all alone, it may usually be found in the family living room, which,

like the musty parlor of bygone generations, is more often found deserted than occupied.

There was a time — and even I can remember it — when Sunday was a day of rest and contemplation. That time has past. Now it is the busiest day of the week and affords the fewest opportunities for quiet meditation. In the latest revision of the decalogue the fourth commandment is made to read: "Five days shalt thou labor, if at all. Saturdays, Sundays and holidays shall be kept wholly for personal indulgence." I have never been in entire accord with those apostles of gloom who mistake stupidity for piety, and insist that the Sabbath must be filled with somber discomfort in order to keep it holy. We may find profit and inspiration in the day without, on the one hand, emulating the ascetic Puritan, who served God by mortifying the flesh, or, on the other hand, by following after the sensualist, who mortifies all decent people by the manner in which he profanes the day.

I am not persuaded that playing golf on Sunday is necessarily an unpardonable sin. If it is, then I am condemned already; nevertheless, there is no plausible excuse that I can see for forsaking the family, the sanctuary and the meditative hour fifty-two Sundays in the year that the time may be devoted to the pastimes of the country club. Very many people follow that practice without exhibiting any decided improvement in their health, their morals or their game.

Instead of being renewed in body and mind, many, on account of their excessive indulgence, go back to their work Monday morning with weary reluctance. It is not

so much the things we do that break the Sabbath as the things we overdo.

Then, again, the automobile has come into modern life to claim its leisure hours, and some that ought to be busy as well. It has been said that the motor car divides mankind into two distinct classes: the quick and the dead. We might also put the people in three groups: those who ride in automobiles and hate the pedestrian; those who walk and hate the automobile, and those who go about in Fords and are hated by all the rest. Whatever it may do the other six days of the week, the world is on wheels Sunday; and the man who drives a car along the congested highway has little chance to think seriously of either this life or the next, except to dwell on the danger of being suddenly hurled from one to the other.

Many more books are printed and read today than at any other time in our history; but it doesn't mean that the people are better informed. There is as much difference between a well-read man and a much-read man as there is between a well-fed man and a glutton. Young people did not devote so much time to the reading of vicious books a century ago, because fewer were printed then. And there was a sort of unwritten law in former generations that literary filth should be kept in hiding. Now the salacious novel is more conspicuous in the home than are the classics. Even vile books may put one to thinking, but not of the things which develop the right sort of character or conviction.

Not a little of the time that ought to be given to meditation is wasted in idle and vapid conversation. Very

many people do not seem to appreciate the difference between thought and speech, nor to understand the order of their priority. Few heads are so constructed that the upper and lower extremities may be efficiently operated at the same time. The powerhouse is not equal to the strain.

Life in this twentieth century is so highly geared that the urge to keep up with the crowd compels us to accept such opinions as may be quickly formed, lest we fall behind while maturing them. Diligent search for the truth is out of the question. Even the things we read cannot always be chosen with discriminating care. In our frantic haste we grab the pictorial sheet that we may read as we run. Is it any wonder then that to so many meditation has become a lost art, or that we so often substitute impressions for convictions?

And now, if I can find my way back from the end of this prolonged and rambling digression, let me revert to the manner in which I have been abundantly rewarded for the loss sustained in the slackening of my pace. The very infirmity which has restrained me has, on the other hand, delivered me from the wearying exactions of a definitely scheduled existence; and that alone is liberal recompense.

Like every other busy man, I have long been obliged to forego the consideration of many things that strongly appealed to me; but now I am at liberty to pursue them to my heart's content: for at last I have more time than anything else, and I am not obliged to ration myself in its use.

I do not have to arise from my bed early in the morn-

ing at the command of a noisy and impudent little clock, nor heed the impatient knocking at my door. I do not have to leave my morning paper unread, nor consult my watch to ascertain whether I may finish my coffee and still catch the 8:15 train. I do not have to rush all the forenoon to answer my mail, nor gulp down a piece of pie with indecent haste in order to keep a two o'clock appointment. I am not obliged to omit the reading and signing of my letters to join the home-rushing mob on the 5:20 commuters' special, nor dig divots from my facial landscape while making undue haste to adorn myself for dinner. I do not have to draw the fires from the bowl of my tempting pipe that I may be sure to reach the theatre before the curtain rises, nor spoil the play by worrying about the task set for tomorrow. I do not have to run at breakneck speed to catch the last train back to my suburban dormitory, nor lay down my book in the midst of a thrilling chapter that I may get a little much-needed sleep before it is time to begin another lap of the perpetual grind.

No. I'm like James Whitcomb Riley's Happy Little Cripple "'Ats got curv-ture of the spine." I "'ist plays." There is nothing to gain by hurry. Nobody expects or requires anything of me. It doesn't matter, therefore, whether the days are long or short. Mine have no fixed beginning or ending. The calendar which hangs on my wall has nothing to do but to tell me when the flowers will bloom again, and when I may hope for the adjournment of congress.

Sometimes I feel sorry for the people who are always well and have to keep going, whether they feel like it or

not. I often pity the man who has to carry his load and mine too. The trains pass in easy view of my window. Day after day I watch them when in the early morning hours they are crowded with men and women bravely going to face their daily task; then at nightfall I watch them again as they go back freighted with men and women tired out by the long hours of toiling; and some with weary hearts, because they have toiled in vain.

I cannot better illustrate my own emancipation from the shackles of time than by relating the old story of the negro who was paying the penalty for cultivating the acquaintance of a strange chicken roost. Peering through the window of his cell, which was barred to resemble a cross-word puzzle, he called out to a passing acquaintance: "Hello, there, Sam! What time is it?" To which, with a look of disgust, Sam replied: "It don't make no diffence to you what time it is. You aint goin' no where."

LIFE'S READJUSTMENTS

DESPITE the meagerness of my achievement, it is, nevertheless, true that, until halted by the emergency brakes of a sudden illness, my life was always one of more than ordinary activity. Much of it, I grant you, was lost motion and sterile diligence; still I had succeeded in the development of an energetic horsepower out of all proportion to the results attained. Though I did not get anywhere, I was always going; and, though I accomplished but little, I was always doing something. And it was this habit of perpetual motion which made it all the more difficult to park myself complacently by the side of life's highway and watch the world go by.

While keeping step with the marching multitude we pay little heed to the pace at which we are going. If you care to ascertain how fast the world travels, drop out of the ranks for a while, and it will amaze you to observe how quickly they who were walking by your side will disappear in the distance ahead. Moreover, there are few things more depressing than the inevitable realization that we are being left behind.

Perhaps you have observed how much personal afflictions are like other unwelcome visitors. No matter when they arrive, their coming is always inopportune. At whatever moment they put in their appearance, it seems

that a worse one could not have been chosen. If come they must, then why did they not come and go yesterday, or why not wait till tomorrow?

And you may have noticed, too, how a conveyance has the very annoying habit of breaking down at the wrong time and place. Instead of coming to grief where first-aid might be administered without appreciable delay or inconvenience, it waits until it gets far out on the road, far from home and far from help; then quits in the very middle of the journey. So it is with the human vehicle. It balks at the most unexpected moment; and, heedless of our plans or purposes, leaves us to list our cherished undertakings under the head of unfinished business. It is the contemplation of things begun, yet incomplete, that deepens our disappointment when obliged to lay down the tools with which we work and to call it a day.

The man who for any reason is denied the further pursuit of the things to which he has given his life, and upon which he has set his heart, faces the painful task of readjusting himself to the conditions from which there is no way of escape. This very important work is not often taken up immediately, for the reason that at first we are not inclined to believe an ultimate deliverance will fail us. Then when it slowly dawns that the fate we deplore is unalterable, there begins a gradual reconciliation. Thus, happily, hope abides to sustain us until resignation comes to lighten the burden we must bear.

It is not possible to recover at once from the shock of a sudden and unexpected disaster. One who falls overboard can do little more at first than keep afloat. In my

own case the effort to hold my head above the surface fully occupied my time while casting about for my bearings. There was no use in any event to strike out swimming before ascertaining the direction in which my safety lay.

The time was short, however, until I began to understand that I had come to the end of the old way, and that another must be found if I cared to proceed further. Very clearly it was revealed that nothing was left for me to do but to gather up the fragments of my broken existence and fit them together as best I could into some new, and perhaps better, design. This was by no means an easy undertaking; but that it was imperative there could be no doubt; and shortly the effort filled me with an interest both absorbing and fascinating. With the new vision came also a new inspiration.

Once we are convinced there must be a final abandonment of the things to which we have habitually applied ourselves in the days gone by, there should be no delay whatever in seeking adjustment to the new environment, if we still cherish a desire to live to some good purpose. Complete immersion in these novel interests will leave us no time to brood over the things that are forever lost. And this is well worth while; for nothing is to be gained by vain regretting. If toil served no other purpose than to keep us away from unhappy memories, its existence would be fully justified. No man has ever gained strength for the task ahead of him by lingering at the grave of his buried ambition.

That human effort may be diverted profitably into new channels when occasion requires is evidenced by the

useful employment into which countless thousands were thrust by the cruel fortunes of the late war. In every quarter of the globe determined men and women, whose plans were shattered by that dire tragedy, are serving their generation with superb courage and astonishing success in ways they had not formerly known. And, what is more, many of them for the first time seem to have found themselves, for which reason they now work with a joy never experienced in their former pursuits.

The attempt to do well the things with which we have had little or no previous acquaintance is frequently disheartening; nor can any noticeable progress be made until we have acquired the art of accommodating ourselves to our surroundings. A vast deal of life's discontent and very many of its failures might be avoided if men and women were better able to adapt themselves to the things they cannot escape. And there is no phase of mortal existence of which this is not true.

Incompatibility—which is nothing more nor less than a long and polite name for obstinacy—is by no means limited to the discordant companionship of husbands and wives who carefully conceal their dominating selfishness until they have taken upon themselves the marital vows. The term is applied more often than otherwise, it is true, to that state of domestic strife from which too many seek deliverance by separation rather than by self-restraint. There are no two people in all the world who can be wholly compatible, unless they are willing to make the concessions needful to bring their lives into a state of peaceful unity. Where a serious lack of harmony exists between two individuals who have

contracted to share each other's fortunes you may be sure one of them is wilful and unyielding; very often both of them.

As already stated, the necessity for compatibility is by no means limited to the domestic relation. For the want of it many a promising and potential business venture has come to grief. The discord may be between the individuals jointly engaged in an enterprise. It is just that which so often accounts for the difference between success and bankruptcy. Then again the disagreement may be between the man and his vocation. Thousands are unhappy and unsuccessful because they have hastily wedded themselves to pursuits that are not congenial, while they lack the courage and the wisdom to lend themselves to a better understanding.

By far the greater number of life's misfits might be corrected if people were more yielding in their attitude and less disposed to insist upon what they conceive to be their rights. Not that there should be a lack of firmness when something real is involved; but it is so easy to mistake a prejudice for a principle. That which men selfishly crave they are prone to call an ideal, and the stubbornness with which they cling to it they label a virtue.

I have come to believe with all my heart there is a compensating balance in every phase of existence for all who are willing to accept the things they cannot escape and to submit themselves to the forces they cannot bend. Moreover, I am persuaded no burden beyond human endurance is ever laid upon our shoulders, provided we use the strength that is ours to sustain it, rather than in a vain and rebellious effort to rid ourselves of

the inevitable. It matters not what may be involved, few losses are beyond repair or recompense, except to those who refuse to see or to accept the attendant benefits. It is this which goes so far toward equalizing human experiences and stabilizing human faith in the eternal justice of things.

In my own case I find the difficulty of yielding myself to unaccustomed environment all the greater because I no longer possess the pliability of youth. As men grow older they experience not only a hardening of their bones and their arteries, but likewise a hardening of their heads, if not of their hearts. When one has passed the meridian of life it is no longer an easy matter to revise the habits of thought or of conduct. Breaking away from customs acquired by continuous usage costs a struggle we are not all willing to make.

Men may continue to work with diligence in the afternoon of their lives; some indeed until the shadows fall about them; but they seldom enter upon a new task when the sun is going down. I have been amazed at the persistency with which some toil and achieve when they have grown old; yet in such cases it will usually be found they keep on doing the things they have always done and keep on doing them in the same old way. For that reason the doors of employment do not stand wide open to men and women who have crossed over onto the shady side of the hill. Experience is a valuable asset, provided it has not been of such duration as to have lost its flexibility. People may be good finishers in their declining years, but the world is looking for help to start something.

It is so difficult indeed to reform ourselves when a long stretch of life lies behind us that few have the courage to undertake it, though the advantages may be obvious. Approaching the end of the journey we become more and more inclined to endure and less and less inclined to combat the things which are not as they ought to be. However, when by the inexorable decree of fate the path in which we have walked comes to an end, the finding of a new way is imperative, and it is the part of wisdom to seek it without delay or shrinking.

In schooling oneself to meet the requirements of altered conditions there is grave need for the constant exercise of patience, an art for the mastery of which I have shown little aptness. I have never won a prize nor received so much as honorable mention in a waiting contest. Many a time I have bitten into the immature fruits of my toiling to extract nothing but bitterness because I could not patiently bide the time for their ripening.

About the hardest thing I have ever tried to do is to wait—just wait. It is hard enough when we know what we are waiting for, and know when we may reasonably expect its appearance, but infinitely more trying when both the purpose and the duration of one's vigil are concealed. For that reason I sometimes think I had rather be sent to prison for life than to be committed to serve a sentence of indeterminate length; for then I would at least know what not to expect, and would not be kept in a state of perpetual anxiety and disappointment.

Have you ever lingered through the dreary hours of the night, in the dim light of a railway station, awaiting the arrival of a belated train, with no means of ascer-

taining when it would come, if at all? You may not be in eager haste to depart, and may not be subjected to any great discomfort while you tarry, yet the very uncertainty of the delay makes your existence intolerable. And who can reckon the eternity crowded into each halting hour the accused must wait for the coming in of the jury which determines his fate? Blessed, therefore, is the man upon whom has been bestowed the gift of patience, that he may wait without fainting.

IN THE SCHOOL OF ADVERSITY

We are born into the world utterly helpless and utterly ignorant of the eternal verities. We have to be taught the things that vitally concern us; and many, unfortunately, are so slow to learn that we linger in the primary classes till the end of our days. Not a single hour passes which does not carry with it a helpful lesson for all who care to know; not a single thing occurs which does not bear upon it the stamp of some ennobling truth for all who behold and heed; yet few acquire the wisdom needful to get the best out of life or to put the best into it.

At times we are taught by methods so agreeable, indeed, that it is a delight to pursue them; more often, though, we must be taught by wearisome application; while the truths that are vital come to us in most cases in the school of adversity. Experience must weigh heavily upon us, and cut deep into our very souls, to leave their abiding impressions. And thus, if we but make the endeavor, we are more than compensated for all that must be endured.

The ordinary fire may sear and blacken that which it touches; but gold is not purged of its dross until subjected to the intense and consuming heat of the merciless crucible. So, too, they who are called upon to pass through the trying furnace of personal sacrifice, if they

so will it, may thereby be delivered from the burden of their own grossness, and be left thereafter to deal only with that which is good and imperishable.

Recent years have brought me the opportunity to take my place in the class-room and to learn some of the things I had too long neglected to make note of. First of all, I have experienced a complete disillusionment; whereby I have come to understand that, whatever it may mean to me, the disturbance of my plans and the discontinuance of my labors is a matter of little concern to the rest of the world. And this disclosure is no less wholesome than it is humiliating.

Those who know me best will not charge, I am inclined to believe, that I have ever been immoderately vain or boastful of my own capabilities; yet I must confess a sense of mortification when I discovered that nothing of material importance was in any way dependent upon me for its success. The enterprises with which I had been long and intimately identified marched right on, without losing a single step, when I was obliged to drop out of line. My own halting did not appear to give them one moment's embarrassment nor the slightest hesitation.

As, no doubt, is true of many, I had time and again indulged the comforting belief that there were a few things which I could do quite as well as any one else, if not better; but, when no longer able to give them attention, there seemed to be not the slightest difficulty in finding some one to carry them on with a skill certainly no less than my own.

This, I am convinced, is by no means a unique experi-

ence. If it has not already come to you, prepare for the revelation. No matter what may be your sense of self-importance, some day the truth will dawn, and you will be compelled to revise the estimate of your own worth, just as I have been obliged to do. It is a pity some of us never know how useless we are until cast into the discard.

There was no sign of a panic in Wall Street when I quit work. No one seemed to fear a startling reduction in human achievement on account of my failure to perform. Trains kept running on their usual schedules and ships still ploughed the seas. Banks and stores opened and closed as they were in the habit of doing; industry and commerce were not paralyzed. Birds sang in the tree-tops as they had always sung, while the flowers yielded their beauty and perfume as of old. There was yet to be heard the merry laughter of children at their play, as well as the slow music that led the procession to the sepulcher. No, to my utter amazement, the universe proceeded in its orderly way, and there was nothing to indicate any unwonted happening. I was moved, indeed, to wonder if for some strange reason the news of my failing had been suppressed.

Finally the truth began to make itself plain, and I learned that the world is too busy and has too many cares of its own to heed the misfortunes that befall the individual. It is not wholly from a lack of interest, but simply because it has no time to weep with all who are in distress. The best it can do is to cast one compassionate glance, then go quickly on its way. To burden itself with every distress that is visited upon the sons and

daughters of men would so weight it down that it could not go plodding on to its own destiny.

Have you ever returned from a prolonged sojourn abroad, the experiences of which you had begun to relate, only to be interrupted by a next-door neighbor to inquire how long you were away, and to tell you he was not aware of your absence? If so, you know something of my chagrin when, after an unusual detention from my accustomed places of activity, an old acquaintance drops in to tell me he has just heard of my ailing. And here I have all the while been wondering how the world could get along without me! I am more enlightened than flattered by the truth.

If at the beginning of the year 1922 I had been told I should quit work and take a complete rest for two or more months, the suggestion would have been pleasing, but I should certainly have replied: "It can't be done." And to me that answer would have seemed to be the truth, first, because I could not afford it, and, again, because I felt my work could not spare me for that length of time. Yet I have spared the time and the work has spared me, not only for two months, but for more than three years, without any indication that I shall ever get back to it, and still there is no noticeable impairment of human progress.

So it has always been and so it will ever be. And thus is forced upon me the definite conclusion that, while no man is justified in holding his potential service in contempt, nor in permitting the unimportance of his task to abate the energy of his application, he should never forget that the great scheme of human existence cannot

be altered or stayed in its final consummation by his own tardiness or utter failure. The indispensable man has not yet been born.

Another thing I have learned is that the essentials of human existence are fewer and simpler than we are prone to believe. In this day of prodigal indulgence it is hard to understand just how little is actually required for the comfort and happiness of the unspoiled. Men have added greatly to the facilities for satisfying their wants, but at the same time they have multiplied their cravings to an even greater extent. Enjoyment is not measured by the abundance of our possessions as much as by the maintenance of a parity between desire and the means for its gratification. There are few people, therefore, who do not have contentment within their reach.

Many of the things which were formerly a part of my life, and which I then believed to be indispensable, have gradually come to mean but little, since I have been obliged to abandon them. Their denial has shown me very clearly that in most cases they were serving only to gratify fictitious and unprofitable longings. Now that I have dispensed with them, as well as with the desire to have them, it is as if I had discarded so much excess baggage, which had long burdened me to no good purpose. So, indeed, we might all discard to our great advantage and to our peace of mind many of the things with which we cumber ourselves, without waiting to be driven to it by necessity.

In whatever strata of life men and women find themselves it yet remains true that they are worn and wasted mainly by a ceaseless struggle for the things that are not

needful; while their bitterest disappointments result in most cases from a yearning for the things that are neither essential nor obtainable. It is likewise true that with the restriction of our opportunities and possessions there develops a deeper sense of appreciation of the things that are available; so that the measure of satisfaction remains unimpaired. Of this we are convinced when once in a while, either by force of circumstances or through a diversion of our own seeking, the luxuries of everyday life are put beyond our reach and we are limited to the simple and primitive necessities.

Have you ever gone into the heart of the wilderness, far removed from the familiar comforts of modern civilized life? Have you ever tramped up and down its rugged hills all the day long to return at nightfall, tired, hungry and chilled to the marrow? Then have you reveled in the simple comforts and the sincere hospitality of the campfire under the sheltering trees? No banquet of state, with its wines of ancient vintage and its fragrant Coronas, ever tempted or satisfied like the bacon and bannock prepared over the glowing coals, with a tin of coffee and a well-filled pipe. No upholstered rocker was ever quite so restful as the moss-covered log upon which you sat to ease your aching bones. No downy couch under silken canopy was ever quite so soft and soothing as the bed of hemlock boughs upon which you stretched your weary form. No theatre into which you had ever gone to find an evening's entertainment presented a setting as marvelously fascinating as you beheld in the boundless stretch of the skies above you, gleaming in the mellow light of a million stars. No

music of tuneful orchestra or of human voices ever enthralled you like the inspiring silence of the night, broken occasionally, perchance, by the clear note of some nocturnal songster or the weird sighing of the wind in the tops of the majestic trees.

The privations of which we so often speak with injured air consist for the most part of the things denied for which we have no real need—many of them, indeed, being luxuries that destroy more happiness than they create. Moreover, there are things both helpful and desirable with which we may readily dispense, if need be. After all there is not the wide difference in our estates that we sometimes imagine. You may have certain things which from me are withheld, yet so infinitely greater is every man's denials than his possessions that in this respect there is little to choose between us. And what does it matter in the end? Tomorrow we will little care what we had today.

One of our most common mistakes is to apply the wrong standard in computing the value of our possessions. We look in the wrong direction for our comparisons. Instead of turning to the comparative few who are much better off than ourselves, it were better to give heed to the great number who are less favored by fortune. It may be a modest and unpretentious little house in which I live, and yet how commodious and comfortable as compared with the hovels countless thousands are obliged to occupy all the days of their lives. I may not be clad in the fashionable raiment in which some of my neighbors delight to exploit themselves; but how much better my apparel than that of the multitude in

tatters. I may not sit down at a table laden with every tempting delicacy the market affords; yet how much better I fare than the thousands whose hunger is never satisfied. I may be disabled and seldom entirely free from pain; yet of what have I to complain when I think of the great number who suffer unspeakable anguish every moment of their existence. It is helpful, therefore, to remember that while I may be inclined to envy others whose heritage is better than my own, many more, who are less fortunate, would rejoice in the blessings that are mine.

"I WAS SICK, AND YE VISITED ME"

UNTIL recent years I did not know the true value of friendship; but I have come to understand its meaning. And this is a lesson of supreme importance which I have learned in the school of adversity.

No one has ever enjoyed the comradeship of his acquaintances more than I; and I may add, with pardonable pride, few have established with a greater number of people that intimacy of personal relationship which justifies their designation as friends. In this respect more than in others my life has been a successful one. By some means, I scarcely know how, I have gained the personal interest of many whose friendship provides an enduring estate of rare worth, from which accrues a generous income of that nature which, happily, is exempt from taxation. I would not exchange the unspeakable joy thus afforded for all the glittering gold the world contains.

To me my friends are not only a source of constant delight but one of incalculable gain as well; for in no case have I given anything approaching the value of what I have received. Indeed, it is by that test I know certainly they are my friends. The most casual acquaintance, or even the stranger, will bargain with you upon terms that are to his advantage. It is only to friends you may look for favors for which no adequate return may

be required or expected. In the dealings between friends entries are never footed nor balances carried forward. All accounts are squared at the end of the day, and all are closed without figuring profit or loss.

Yet, with all the satisfaction afforded by these kindly relations, I never before fully understood the beneficence of friendly intercourse. Now I can look with a clearer vision upon the picture which was drawn long ago of the great assize; wherein is portrayed the nature of human conduct deemed worthy of generous reward. In the account of that impressive scene, wherein the King is represented as bestowing favor upon such as were most worthy, special commendation was addressed to some, because, as it was spoken, "I was sick, and ye visited me; I was in prison and ye came unto me." Now that they have also been shown to me, I know why these sympathetic attentions are reckoned among the virtues deserving of rich reward and everlasting remembrance.

There has never been a time in all my life when I was not pleased by the coming of friends who cared enough to seek me, but now their visitations mean infinitely more; for it is manifest they can be prompted by no selfish motive. They must and they do understand perfectly well that they can hope for no return whatever for the trouble they take or the assistance they afford. It can be nothing but the prompting of their own generous hearts that turns their footsteps toward me. And often when I sit alone, after some one has come and gone, I love to think of how it happened. I love to feel that in some way the thought of me came to him, and that in answer to the desire of his heart he sought me, that he

might at least help to fill an empty hour. And such, indeed, is the graciousness of these kind visitors that when they depart I am actually made to feel that I have conferred a favor rather than that I have received one. Could anything be more comforting and helpful than these expressions?

When I used to be busy with the daily routine of my ordinary existence there was always something at hand to claim my attention and to fill me with interest. Any one who has work to do and is able to do it has no need to be lonely. The days are not long to the man who is eager for accomplishment; indeed, they pass so quickly their coming and going is scarcely observed. But when one's labors must be put aside, the time spent in waiting moves with leaden feet; and nothing can do more to lift one out of its weariness than the presence of a sympathetic friend, who is content to linger by one's side and to help one to forget.

As I have already said, one's waiting hours may be profitably spent in meditation; and there is endless comfort in the companionship of books; yet there are times —many times—when these fail us, and when nothing short of the human touch can dispel the impending gloom or rekindle the dying embers. When all about me is filled with emptiness and the lights grow dim I want to feel the warm grasp of a friendly hand and to hear the music of a friendly voice.

The inspiration that comes from the cordiality and concern others manifest toward us is not measured by the time they may remain with us, nor by the magnitude of the service they may render. The slightest token of

friendship, when proffered with affectionate regard, carries with it a blessing out of all proportion to the effort it costs. A letter from a distance, a card from a wayfaring acquaintance, or even a ring of the telephone for a hasty hail and farewell, may come just at the moment when one is in sore need of reassurance, or when one longs for remembrance. Many a time I have had a bit of blue hung in an overcast sky by the timely arrival of a friendly message, which, perhaps, required but a word to carry it. Nor did it matter, indeed, what that one word might be. That it came at all was enough to tell me I had not been forgotten, and to confirm my faith in the loyalty of friendship.

When I think of the inestimable value these gracious attentions have been to me, it fills me with regret to remember how often I have neglected to render similar service to others, who may have been in need of it. Perhaps some one waited long and anxiously for the coming of my letter, which never arrived because it was never written. Or some one may have listened in vain for the call of the phone I failed to ring. Men and women despair and fail for the want of that human interest we too often forget to show them.

Just why it is I do not know, but it seems to be almost always true that one who becomes dependent likewise becomes watchful and sensitive. The unintentional neglect, the little oversight, which, when we are vigorous and busy gives us no concern, if, indeed, it be noticed at all, may, in an hour of lonely weariness, take on an importance which causes it to cut deep into the heart and leave its bleeding wound.

Adversity enables us to classify our friends; or, to speak more correctly, it enables us the better to distinguish between the real friend and the pretender. Those who have a genuine interest in our welfare are not estranged by the reverses of fortune. Such, indeed, is the nature of the tie that binds men together that, instead of yielding, it draws them closer when evil days overtake them. Children instinctively cling to one another in the dark; so men and women who hold each other in affectionate regard are not to be separated by the shadows which fall across their paths. Even the beasts of the fields and the birds of the air forget their own peril in the protection of their helpless ones; and what mother does not bestow her tenderest care upon her afflicted child?

Happily, my own experience has vastly strengthened my faith in the sincerity and unselfishness of the human heart. I am persuaded there is not nearly so much hypocrisy in the world as I was once inclined to believe. In the more recent attitude of my friends and acquaintances I have experienced many more agreeable surprises than I have suffered disappointments. In the process of weeding out my friends few indeed have been cast into the discard, while very many have exhibited a genuineness and a generosity I had not dreamed of. Only a few —very few—of the people with whom I was upon terms of intimacy in bygone days have apparently lost interest in me since I have become inactive; and in these instances there is doubtless some good reason, of which I am unaware. It is a rare thing that an individual barters his courtesies and benefactions at a fixed price, or withholds them when there is no return.

Just a few—very few—who were close to me in the olden days, who worked with me and played with me when I was able to work and to play, have for some reason passed out of my life. Their long absence and unbroken silence have pained me, for it hurts to sever old ties; yet I cannot bring myself to believe they have forgotten me because I can no longer be of service.

On the whole, it has amazed me to see how the interest and affection of my friends have deepened as my need for them has become greater. Tender greetings and ministrations have poured in upon me so abundantly that I am overcome by a sense of my unworthiness, and am made to feel profoundly grateful. Kindly expressions have come from the most unexpected sources; which in most cases could not have been prompted by a desire to compensate past favors, for I cannot recall anything I have done to create the slightest obligation. Their only recompense must come from the joy of the service they render.

My experience has convinced me there is a great deal more poetry than truth in the familiar verses of Ella Wheeler Wilcox beginning with the lines:

> Laugh, and the world laughs with you.
> Weep, and you weep alone.

And I do not begin to believe:

> One by one we must all file on
> Through the narrow aisles of pain.

There are times when we prefer to shed our tears in solitude; yet there is always some one anxious to share our grief. We may sometimes prefer to go unattended

down the aisle of pain; yet there is always some one ready and eager to walk with us every step of the way. In all my wanderings I have never known the day or the place in which there was no one to offer assistance when it was needed.

If a strict accounting is to be had at the end of all time and witnesses are to be heard concerning the character and conduct of those who have lived upon the earth, then I shall be kept a long while upon the stand testifying in behalf of the people I have known; for it will be no easy task to tell of all their helpful words and deeds.

And let no one make the mistake of believing that friendship is appreciated only by those who are broken in body or in fortune. Many are envied for their wealth or position who at the same time hunger for human sympathy. One may be as lonely in a Rolls-Royce as in a Ford. Women in evening gowns and priceless jewels are sometimes more in need of kind words and tender attentions than those who humbly serve them. Tears flow in stately mansions and sleepless heads toss upon downy pillows. There is a poverty of the soul which gold cannot cure, an infirmity of the spirit which no physical strength can overcome. Then pass no one by with cold indifference because he utters no cry of distress or wears no badge of weariness. You may be losing an opportunity to rescue some one who is failing.

REVIEWING THE PAST

In my early school days we were required to review occasionally the lessons which had been assigned in the course of our daily studies; and it frequently happened that in this hasty backward glance things were made plain which were not understood on first acquaintance. This I have found to be true also when I now turn my attention to the lessons of my past life.

In the quiet hours of recent months my reveries have carried me back into the distant days; and I have found myself retracing my steps along the path over which I have come to the present hour; continuing ofttimes in that direction until the trail grows dim in the shadows that lie back of where memory begins. I know very well the reader will say to himself, if not to me, this is a sure sign of advancing years; for we have always been told the aged are prone to live in the past. Well, I am older than I once was, but not as old as I hope yet to be.

The aged do live to a great extent in the years that are gone; but it is not because they are old. They live there because of a condition which is almost sure to come with old age, or which may come before we have covered half the journey. You have never seen any one looking back as long as he was moving rapidly to the front. No man has ever won a race without facing the goal. So long,

therefore, as we are able to make forward progress we take no chance on turning our heads. The prudent man who drives his car at full speed keeps his eye steadfastly on the road ahead. Not until he halts, or at least not until he slackens his pace materially, does he so much as glance back over the road he has traveled. Age brings us practically to a standstill, and thus affords the energetic man the opportunity to look behind him; which he promptly does, not because he is old, but because he has stopped by the side of the road and may safely turn his eyes where he will.

We may halt and look back long before we reach the end of the journey. Indeed it may happen at any time after the start has been made. The abandonment of our progress may come at the end of any one of the miles which, coupled together, make up life's pilgrimage. It may come gradually and slowly, or with startling suddenness when we hear the grinding of the emergency brakes. It may come when the day is far spent, and little of the distance remains to be covered. It may come at noontide, when the sun is directly overhead. Or it may come in the early hours of the morning when we are yet within hailing distance of the start. Whenever or wherever it may overtake us, no sooner have we halted than we instinctively face about for a glimpse of the long, long trail stretching back into yesterday.

I have indulged retrospection, therefore, not because I am old—though I have passed many milestones; but for the reason that the only conveyance I have has broken down, and has thus afforded me the opportunity, while I wait, to check up the distance I have covered.

Since I am no longer able to move forward and to find new interest in new things, I must content myself with a renewal of my acquaintance with the old. And I may say I have found the journey into the past lacking neither in satisfaction nor profit.

Retrospection is filled with surprises; and, of course, it cannot be entirely free from regrets. It is easy now to see where we might have chosen or might have toiled to much better advantage; and we sometimes flatter ourselves with the belief that our time would be spent to a much wiser purpose, if we had it all "to do over again," as we express it. It may be so, but I doubt it. Knowing myself as well as I do—knowing my own desires, and how I am able to resist everything else better than temptation, I fear, if given another chance at life, I might even make a worse mess of it than I have already done. So I prefer to let it stand as it is; unless I could carry back with me the knowledge I have gained by experience.

I can see some glaring mistakes in the past, which I might not make again—though of that there is no certainty; and I can also see where I might fail to do some of the few worthy things I have accomplished. No; life is like the game of duplicate whist: some one else might take the hand dealt me and play the cards to better advantage, but I doubt if I would improve the result by playing it again myself. One can always see what ought to be done when looking over the shoulder of another player; but, given the hand and the responsibility of the game, it is not so easy. At any rate, we must settle by the score as it is already recorded, whether we have won or lost.

No one can look far into his own past without being surprised by its disclosures. Viewed in the mellow and unbiased light of the distance, a new meaning attaches to many of the things which had to do with determining the course we have pursued. We are astonished to realize the unimportance of what were regarded as the big events in our lives at the time of their occurrence, as well as by the controlling influence of the little things which once appeared to be without significance. Certain of the plans and activities to which I gave the most thought and which I pursued with the greatest energy, as I now see it, were utterly barren of results; while some of the most far-reaching decisions in my life were made under the direct or indirect influence of what then appeared to be the most trivial incidents. Unconsciously I have more than once been turned about and changed in the direction of my going by people or events with which I scarcely reckoned; while, on the other hand, the forces which were supposed to shape my conduct, so far as I can see, have borne no fruit whatever.

A little bit of a straw, lodging in the overhanging branches of a willow growing on the bank of a stream, may be the beginning of an accumulation which sooner or later is sufficient to turn the current of the river into a new channel. I sometimes wonder if the big things at times fail to affect us for the reason that being so obvious, we are on guard, and stand firmly against their pressure, while to the smaller things, which scarcely attract our attention, we unconsciously yield ourselves, without resistance.

After all, the world is controlled more by the silent

and hidden influences than by sheer force. It is in complete accord with the declaration of the prophet who, referring to the final subjugation of man's natural enemies, gave assurance that "A little child shall lead them." The same truth is likewise proclaimed in the beatitude which tells us that "The meek shall inherit the earth." Many a time I myself have been led, without knowing it, where I could by no means have been driven.

Reviewing the things I have done and the things I have attempted in the days gone by, I am compelled to revise my opinion of their merit. The value of human effort is measured at the time of its exertion by the help it may afford in the accomplishment of our then present purpose: and that purpose is at the time regarded as a worthy one, if for no other reason, because it is our own. However, in the day of retrospection the motive impelling one's action is no longer the standard by which it is tested. The real proof of genuineness is to be found in the measure of inward satisfaction afforded when we look back upon it and weigh it in the scales of an honest judgment. In that final appraisement all the deeds of our lives arrange themselves into two distinct classes: the things we are pleased to remember and the things we regret.

However widely our opinions may differ concerning the rewards and punishments meted out here or hereafter for our conduct, upon one thing we are all agreed, that no one can go far along life's way without knowing there is a rich compensation in one's own sense of approval, and a severity of sentence no one can escape who is conscious of wrong-doing. And the final test of char-

acter and success is to ascertain upon which side the balance falls when we check against each other the items of these two classes. No better reward could be desired than the satisfaction which comes from a knowledge of things well done; while, I am persuaded, the bitterest ingredient in the cup of the damned is the lingering sense of remorse.

Having this means of ascertaining for ourselves the true character of our own lives, it is well that we should not go too long without an auditing of our accounts. If the drift is in the wrong direction, the quicker we find it out and correct it the better. In the quiet of the evening hour a few minutes may be spent to advantage by putting aside every diverting thought and squarely facing the record of the closing day. It may not always be particularly comforting, but there is no denying its helpfulness. And the advantage of making these searches diligently and often is that, while our past mistakes cannot be unmade, we may at least avoid their recurrence. But when we come to the end of our lives there is no time left within which to make amends, and no amount of penitence can blot out our wrongs.

How true it is I do not know, but I have often had it told me that the elements of which our bodies are composed undergo a complete change within the period of seven years; so that in this manner is wrought a periodical renewal of our entire physical being. The fact remains, however, that, notwithstanding this thorough and repeated transformation, the distinguishing features of an individual, which give him his personality, are never completely obliterated; and this is especially true

of the scars and blemishes that are from time to time left upon the person. I carry with me to this day the mark of a knife carelessly handled in my boyhood.

Science and art have devised methods by which our deformities may be minimized, or at least may be partially concealed, but no treatment can utterly destroy the evidence of our deepest wounds and no artist can transform our ugliness into beauty. Surgery has gone a long way toward the rebuilding of the human body, but it has its limitations. The beauty parlor may to a degree correct the mistakes of nature, and may screen some it cannot overcome, but, after all, while paint and powder, pencil and brush may help to deceive the public, they cannot satisfy the owner of an uncomely face. There is no disguise that can make us forget the things of which we are conscious. And if this be true of physical imperfections, much more is it true of moral deformity. It may be easier to conceal the scars we wear upon our souls, but far more difficult to eradicate them.

SERVICE, THE MEASURE AND MEANING OF LIFE

In human beings life implies activity. Only the dead are inert. Some who still breathe, and have not yet grown rigid and cold, do not bestir themselves to any great extent, it is true; yet it is only in the body that awaits the tomb we find complete silence and stillness. For that reason we speak of the individual of extraordinary energy as a "live man."

There are some who seem to be prejudiced against exertion, and abstain from making it when it can be done, possibly for the reason that men were sentenced to toil as a punishment for disobedience. The very suggestion of doing that which is in the nature of a penal servitude repels them. I do not pretend to know how much of the ancient history of our race is merged into the realm of allegory, or how much a literal recital of facts; but I am convinced that, for whatever purpose it may have been instituted, work—intelligent, well-directed work—is no longer a curse, but a real blessing.

"In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread" is a wise and wholesome law; and it would be, indeed, even if we were able at all times to satisfy our hunger with the manna fallen from heaven, as did the wayfarers in the wilderness long years ago. I cannot conceive of anything that could be more destructive of the peace and

contentment of the world than the remission of that ancient sentence, whereby the human family would be completely and forever delivered from the necessity of toiling for its sustenance. There are already too many people who are unhappy because unemployed; and too many whose spare time is filled with evil.

The trouble about the work of this world is that it is not equitably distributed. Many are struggling to carry burdens that are not all their own. Many willing hands are overtaxed because others are folded in idleness. Some endure endless weariness in their effort to keep the world from want, while others have no concern about it.

For their own peace of mind men and women need to be employed. A large proportion of the ailments of this generation have their origin in the imaginations of people who have nothing to do but to think of themselves. Brooding over their own discomforts and privations, they develop an impatience and a sense of injury which makes it impossible for them to discern or to enjoy the blessings within their easy reach. Health resorts and sanitariums are crowded with the unhappy victims of what we politely call "nervous prostration," which in many cases is neither more nor less than the weariness of body and depression of spirit resulting from the indulgence of an excessive self-pity. So thoroughly am I convinced that useful occupation is essential to the tranquillity and sanity of men that, had I no work of my own to do, I should certainly ask some one well supplied to share with me the blessings of his task. The man who goes out to "kill time" is more often slain himself in the encounter.

What is even worse than idleness is misdirected energy, whereby some wear themselves out doing harm. It is bad enough that one's time should be wasted in useless endeavor; worse that it should be devoted to harmful pursuits.

The potential human energy lost to the world through the failure to direct it into proper channels is like the resistless torrent of Niagara, which pours in majestic splendor over the granite precipice, a thrilling spectacle, but unproductive of a single ounce of creative energy. The wheels of industry are driven not by the roaring cataract but by the little streams that pour through the hidden passages chiseled in the rock. There is enough energy dissipated in joy-riding to distribute the food supply of the world; enough horsepower developed in the dance halls to mine our coal or harvest our crops. Yes, there is enough human strength utterly wasted to nourish all that are hungry and clothe all that are naked.

Then we have those who toil diligently for the things that are worth while, yet refuse to share the fruit of their effort with others who may be in need. To work only for oneself is little better than declining to work at all; for the man who provides for himself and no one else bestows the benefits of his labor upon a most unworthy subject. No good can come out of any undertaking that is cursed with selfishness. The humble cabin shared with some one seeking shelter is infinitely better than the luxuriant palace, walled and picketed, lest some one should enter to find rest.

Many of the things which men have created are as far removed from the enjoyment of the needy as the hidden

gold of the miser. In our great cities costly and commodious mansions are bolted and barred year after year, while nearby tenements are crowded to suffocation. Of course, I do not mean to suggest that private habitations should be thrown open to all who may care to occupy them. I am a firm believer in the right of private property. But I do mean that some think too much about their own comfort and too little about the comfort of others.

One of the impressive lessons I have learned, and one that cannot easily escape any who may pause to look back into the past, is that no life is worth the living except to the extent it is devoted to service; and even then the radius of one's benefaction must not be too restricted.

Testing the moral quality of our deeds by the measure of satisfaction afforded when we contemplate them, there can be no doubt that we live worthily only when we live to render assistance beyond ourselves. Recalling as far as I am able all the things I have done from the very beginning of my responsible existence down to the present hour, I can get no sense of comfort or satisfaction except from the memory of the attempts I have made — and far too infrequent they were — to deal kindly with some one who was in need of my help. Moreover, the friends and acquaintances of long ago I hold in high esteem, not on account of their brilliant or difficult achievements, but rather for their gentle and unselfish ministrations. Certain individuals who have casually crossed my path would long since have vanished from memory altogether but for the gen-

erous things they did, which somehow I cannot forget.

Whatever else he may or may not do, the man who goes through this world without leaving anything behind him by which to inspire a grateful memory must be written down a failure. One trouble with the self-made man, as some proudly call themselves, is that they work so hard at the job of self-construction that they have no time to help build other people. It is all well enough to look after oneself; but we should guard against becoming near-sighted.

I have always liked the avowed purpose of the boy scouts, who pledge themselves to perform some good deed every day they live; provided they do not satisfy themselves with one only when the opportunity affords to do more. I know some who in their benefactions are too much like the hen, which, when she lays one egg, cackles to let it be known, then calls it a day's work and loafs till tomorrow. Opportunities to do good are not so scarce that we need to restrict ourselves in the use of them.

Have you ever observed how many very estimable people seem to feel they are not called upon to exercise any of the generous impulses of the human heart outside of certain limited territories? Occasionally we find a man who restricts his beneficent activities to his own immediate family. Nothing is too good for the members of his own household. Nothing he may do for them is too much trouble. He labors in their behalf with diligence and with pleasure: belonging to that class who justify the narrowness of their lives by the overworked expression, "Charity begins at home." And so it should; but

there is no good reason why it should end there. The Mississippi River begins at Lake Itasca, but it makes its largest contribution to the Gulf of Mexico, many miles from where it started.

I do not deny that a man's first obligation is to his own family; but one of the best things he can do for his children is to help make a good world for them to live in; and that he cannot do entirely by his own fireside. And then there is no way of knowing what assistance our own may need when we are no longer here to look after them. So it may be prudent to get acquainted with a few besides our own cousins. Many years ago I knew a man of considerable wealth, with a commensurate sense of his own independence. He provided liberally for his household, but gave up nothing beyond that if he could help it. It never occurred to him that one of his children could have occasion to need the friendship of any who bore a name other than his own: so they were not encouraged to extend their acquaintance. It might cost something. They lived well, so far as material comforts were concerned, but lived within themselves. Years went by; and fortune played its usual pranks. Not so long ago a son of that prosperous and selfish father stopped me on the street, and to my utter astonishment besought a loan sufficient to pay for two meals and a night's lodging, that he might be carried over to the following day. He was broken in purse, broken in health and broken in spirit, but he was no longer averse to meeting the people he had been taught to avoid. True generosity is not indulged in for the sake of the return it may bring; but to deserve the friendship and gratitude

of other people is a sort of casualty insurance one may carry to good advantage.

Then there is the man who is somewhat larger and covers more ground. His interest takes in the community in which he lives; which, if his home is in the country, includes all who get their mail at the cross-road post office, or, if he lives in the city, is limited to the few surrounding blocks that determine the value of the property he owns.

Every man should be deeply interested in the community in which he resides; but he should not forget that its boundary line has about as much to do with dividing the world into two necessary parts as the railroad track in certain towns has to do with social distinctions. It is indeed a distinction without a difference. I am more and more getting away from the community idea, which in recent years has been so much overworked and made an excuse for self-service. True, the people in any particular locality should be mutually concerned about their immediate affairs; but the danger lies in the tendency to convert boundaries into limitations. Community is an inclusive term, which at the same time must be exclusive of all not embraced by it. You cannot fence in a particular place without at the same time fencing out all the rest of the world.

What we need today is not so much the construction of real or imaginary partitions as the tearing down of the walls which separate classes and localities. It is much more important that the world should be welded together than that it be partitioned. We have been a long while learning that in unity there is strength. Indeed,

many do not seem to have learned it at all; so we waste our energy contending with each other rather than for each other.

In commerce, more than in anything else, perhaps, the benefits of mutual assistance have been recognized; yet even there it is still a question of the survival of the fittest. The originator of the expression, "Competition is the life of trade," evidently had in mind the feverish activity incident to combat, rather than the strength and longevity of existence; for competition, when carried to an unreasonable extent, is more often the death of trade; or it may be stating it more correctly to say the death of the trader.

Upon whatever pretext they may manifest themselves, it yet remains true that the corroding jealousies and bitter controversies arising from time to time among the nations of the earth have their origin ordinarily in commercial rivalry. Whatever may be made the immediate excuse for disturbing the peace of the world, our destructive wars are usually nothing more nor less than international struggles for trade; and trade is sought for the material gains that come out of it. So, in the last analysis, it is the substitution of selfishness for service that induces men to prefer slaughter to sacrifice.

It is likewise true that the affairs of state, whether in their national scope or in the smaller and less important political subdivisions, are administered with diminished efficiency and beneficence because men are too much inclined to serve themselves instead of serving others. The pressure of partisan and sectional obligations renders it almost impossible to secure the enactment of laws

designed for the general good, or to obtain their prompt and impartial enforcement. Generally speaking, the man who is chosen to public office is judged and rewarded, not by the wisdom and generosity with which he seeks to accomplish the greatest good for the greatest number, but by the zeal and sagacity with which he strives to obtain advantage for the party or locality responsible for his selection. And, if he happens to have sufficient honesty and courage to render a true service to all the people by doing that which is right, he is pursued and scourged by those who are denied the mess of pottage for which they have proffered their civic righteousness.

In the City of Washington, beneath the dome of the national capitol, there assembles at stated intervals the congress of the United States. Under the provisions of the federal constitution the members of that body are chosen and commissioned to deliberate and to enact such measures as may be deemed to be in the interest of our common country. Such, however, is the exacting demand of the unwritten law which controls the political conduct of public men that, instead of conferring as representatives of all the people, each appears as an uncompromising advocate of the particular state or district from which he hails. And even in that limited sphere he is expected to devote himself to guarding the special interests of his own party, and, under cover, to still further narrow his activities in order to serve at any cost certain potential supporters to whom he is politically indebted. It is not surprising, therefore, that so many called to fill public position are guilty of the betrayal of their trust, and prey upon the public they are

expected to serve; for the quality required of them is not statecraft but state-craftiness.

Not many years ago, at the conclusion of the most stupendous and destructive tragedy ever enacted in the history of the world, the illustrious representatives of the nations involved in that unspeakable horror came together in the beautiful palace of Versailles for the avowed purpose of agreeing upon terms of peace. So tired was all the world of the brutality in which it had long engaged, and so enfeebled by the ruthless shedding of blood, there was reason to hope no effort would be spared to restore universal peace upon a basis so just as to thereafter insure its permanence. But the hope was vain. Instead of making generous contribution to tranquilize the inflamed passions of men and to reestablish that amity upon which they might build a lasting unity, they brought with them into their conference all the jealousies and suspicions that had torn them asunder, and each displayed an eagerness to carve out and to carry away, not only a pound of flesh, but all the flesh and all the blood that they might by any means obtain.

I am hasty, perhaps, in making that sweeping statement; for in that notable gathering sat one man, burdened with a great desire and lonely in the solitude of his vision, who asked nothing for himself, and exacted no tribute in behalf of his people, beyond the recognition of the world's brotherhood and its rescue from the peril which threatened. So strangely did his views differ from the views of the other great leaders with whom he sat that they called him a dreamer, an idealist, untutored in the practical art of diplomacy. And so, indeed, he was;

but his dream was of things as they should be, his ideals were moulded of truth and justice; and far better, indeed, for the generations to come, had they all been moved less by the greed of diplomacy and more inclined to practice the art of sympathetic healing.

Six and a half years have come and gone since the signing of the armistice; but the peace it promised is still deferred; while the toiling sons and daughters of Europe are burdened almost beyond human endurance to provide maintenance and munitions for the armed multitude standing on guard over the ruins of their shattered dynasties. To what can we charge the continuance of this hostility and perpetual menace except to the fact that men and nations have preferred to exact tribute rather than to render a generous service.

Most unfortunately, too, the church has minimized the good it has done and delayed the fulfilment of its eternal purpose by dissipating its strength and its resources in the contentions born of bigotry, instead of devoting itself to the service for which it was instituted. The lamentable failures, far too common in its history, are in no sense failures of the church itself, as some unjustly declare, nor of the principles upon which it is founded; but failures of the frail and misguided mortals upon whom it must depend for its administration. Denominational jealousies and petty differences of ecclesiastical opinions disturb the unity and impair the usefulness of the one organization which above all others should devote itself entirely and unceasingly to the service of mankind.

Men ordained to proclaim the doctrine of good will

and sacrifice at times so far depart from the purpose of their calling as to desecrate their pulpits by standing therein to voice their intolerance and to discredit others who seek by different methods to spread the gospel of universal love. And so the world must continue to sit in darkness because we are not generous enough to help each other lift up the lamp of truth.

The service required of men to satisfy their own consciences or to accomplish the ordained purpose is not essentially a conspicuous one, or one of great magnitude. No matter what the limitations may be, one's task is well performed whenever, but not until, full use is made of the opportunity presented. Thus, happily, there may be equal merits in the service of all, and equal reward for the doing. The cup of cold water, proffered by the hand eager to render assistance, if that be all it can do, is a deed no less worthy than to provide food for a starving city out of the abundance with which some other benefactor may be blessed.

Because they seem so unimportant we are apt to omit doing the little things that are needful. I am not excused from the discharge of my indebtedness on account of its significance. The man who owes a dollar, and declines to pay it because it is only a dollar, cannot escape condemnation. So, too, withholding a kind word for which some one may yearn is no small offense.

The majesty to which these little deeds of helpfulness lift themselves when done in sincerity and in the spirit of sacrifice may be illustrated by an incident which lingers in my memory. While we were engaged in that inhuman war I spent a few midwinter days at the home

of my boyhood, in the State of West Virginia. A deep snow covered the ground, and it was bitter cold. Late one evening, as we sat by the fireside, enjoying its warmth and cheer, there came a stamping of feet and a knock at the door. Then came in a young man who, it was easy to see, was tired and cold.

Jimmie—for that was the name by which they called him—brushed away the snow that clung to his clothes, sat down with us, and shortly became comfortable and communicative. He told us he had come to bring a dollar which he had promised to give to a fund being raised for the Red Cross; and apologized for not being able to bring more, or to bring it sooner. When he had gone back into the night, I was told that he lived in a very humble home some two miles distant; where, when not at his work, he devoted his time to looking after an invalid mother.

Jimmie's lot was not an easy one. What little money he received was hard-earned, and there were urgent demands for every cent of it; yet, by dint of personal sacrifice, he had managed to put aside a dollar which he was glad to give for the comfort of the boys who were fighting for us across the seas. Not having time for his errand of mercy while it remained light enough for him to continue at his work, he had come in the night, walking two miles through the snow to bring his dollar, then walking two miles back through the snow to his little home in the hills and to his sick mother; and this at the end of a long and busy day, when he was in need of rest.

I was back home again a year later; and I inquired about Jimmie. They told me he had answered the last

call, and had answered it bravely. Since then I have many times thought of that cold, dark night, and of the sacrifice he uncomplainingly made to give all he could spare to help some one else. It was a small sum he gave; but somehow it grows bigger and bigger the more I think of it; and somehow I feel that when Jimmie's account is footed up for final settlement he will find that dollar entered to his credit in glowing figures as tall as the Washington Monument. I had infinitely prefer to have Jimmie's chance for reward than that of some who stood up where the world might see them and, while the multitude applauded, gave thousands they had not earned by toil nor saved by sacrifice.

While it may be made to serve a good purpose, yet, so far as the giver himself is concerned, I do not believe there is the slightest virtue in any offering we may make or in any assistance we may afford which does not involve a personal sacrifice. It is my firm belief there is no merit whatever in aught we may give which does not carry with it a part of our own selves. Parting with that which costs no effort and entails no personal privation, may be helpful, it is true, to those who receive it, but it lacks that element which puts real meaning into our giving.

The greater needs of humanity must be taken care of in a big way; and this I know cannot be done except by organized effort. We cannot dispense with the activities of the Red Cross and other kindred bodies engaged in benevolent enterprise; but I fear many deprive themselves of a great joy and fall far short of doing their whole duty by relying entirely upon such channels

through which to afford assistance to the needy. The charity that lacks the personal effort lacks the best element in it.

It is all well enough for those who can afford it to contribute liberally to the support of the church and to other charitable institutions, thus enabling them to carry on their worthy activities; but no amount of financial aid thus provided can give the satisfaction which he only enjoys who denies himself or wearies himself in behalf of another. The payment of a large sum to the state in taxes, out of which public charities are maintained, affords not the slightest excuse for neglecting to give personal attention to personal need.

Both the men and the women of this generation are too much inclined to leave the care of suffering humanity entirely in the hands of their clubs, societies and committees, and to withhold the most needful thing: personal ministrations. So many cases of dire distress cannot wait for the formalities and delays incident to organized assistance. There is so much red tape and indirection in most benevolent agencies. If I find an old man struggling along the highway under a burden he is not able to bear, it is not enough for me to say, "Wait there, my friend. I'll report your case to the relief committee of my club, which meets next Wednesday. It will probably send some one to help you with your load." Long before next Wednesday he may have finished his weary journey, or may have perished on the way. What I should do is to say, "Here, my good man. That load is too much for you. Let me get my shoulder under it and help you to bear it." Then proceed to do it without delay.

If some poor woman is known to be in extreme suffering, and in want of immediate attention, it is not enough to say, "I must report that case to the next meeting of the Woman's Club. We are having a rummage sale next week, and out of the proceeds we may hire a nurse to look after this poor creature." Long before that can be done she may have greater need for an undertaker than for a nurse. The thing to do is to cancel some of your social engagements, and go now to the relief of the invalid. There is no possibility of discharging a moral obligation by proxy. There is no such thing as vicarious sacrifices among men.

For the fulfilment of mutual human obligations I think we are too prone to rely upon what we see fit to call "good citizenship." There are very many important things required of the good citizen; but—as the term is generally understood—when we have met them all, there still remains much to be done, if we perform our whole duty. Citizenship is largely concerned with a man's relation to the state, to his government; and these obligations he cannot easily evade; for to a great extent they are defined and enforced by the written law. The good citizen deals honestly with his fellow man. He observes the law, pays his debts, provides for his household, educates his children and lives a sober and decent life. But he may do all that, and more, yet go to his grave unloved, if those about him have never felt the warm pulsation of his heart. To make his living presence a benediction, or to be remembered with gratitude and affection when he is gone, a man must do much more than the law of the land requires and than the public has

a right to demand of him. It is the denial of self, in order to serve without hope or desire of reward, that opens the way into the hearts of men. To be called a good citizen is a distinction one may crave, but better far to be remembered as a good neighbor.

Not until very recent years have I come to fully understand the term neighborliness. The great kindness shown me by my friends and acquaintances has invested with a new interest and a new meaning the parable I had almost forgotten, related long ago to teach us what it is to be a neighbor. A certain man, it tells us, was journeying from Jerusalem to Jericho when a band of thieves fell upon him, beat him, robbed him and left him lying helpless by the roadside.

Shortly a priest came by and saw the wounded man at a little distance. There is no reason to believe the priest was a man of evil heart or indifferent to human suffering; but for some reason that is not disclosed he was not disposed to halt long enough to be of any assistance. So he paused for a moment only, looked in pity at the poor fellow lying by the side of the road, then passed down on the other side and went on his way.

Next a Levite approached. So far as we know, he, too, was of a decent sort; but he was in haste and had no time to lose. So he gave a sympathetic look—nothing more—and, passing down on the other side, went on his way.

Finally a traveler came in sight who was a stranger in that locality. He saw the injured man, but did not know him, for his own home was far away in Samaria. He did not even speak the same language, but he was

human; and, seeing this man in distress, he immediately went to his assistance.

Without stopping to consider his own loss or inconvenience, the Samaritan picked up the wounded man and carried him to a nearby inn, where, at his own expense, he had everything possible done for the comfort and healing of the unfortunate stranger. But that was not all; he reached down into his pocket and took out all the money he could spare—the acid test of unselfishness—which he gave to the keeper of the inn, saying: "Take this and use it to help this poor man. If it is not enough, furnish him whatever he may need, and when I return I will fully repay you for all your trouble and expense."

At the conclusion of this parable we are asked the practical question, "Which now of these three, thinkest thou, was neighbor unto him that fell among thieves?" The answer is not hard to guess: "He that showed mercy on him."

In a way this experience of the waylaid traveler is happening every day. There are still robbers to be encountered; and they do not confine their operations to that unprotected highway leading from Jerusalem to Jericho. The most daring are not content with the infrequent opportunities for plunder offered by the road that winds its way through the solitary wilderness. They want quicker action; so they ply their trade along the congested streets of our densely populated cities, where victims may be had at any hour of the day or night.

While the deadly weapon of the highwayman is not so much in evidence, there is no thoroughfare in all the

world, perhaps, where so many are bludgeoned and robbed as upon that short and narrow way running from old Trinity Church to the East River; commonly known as Wall Street. Seldom, if ever, a business day passes in which some poor, unsuspecting victim is not waylaid and relieved of all he possesses. And there, too, the busy throng seldom gives him more than a glance before it crosses over and passes down on the other side. Yet, it is only fair to say, occasionally some big-hearted man even there is moved by his compassion to render assistance, and to remind us at the same time that there are still Samaritans living among us.

The thing that hurts me most when I look back into my own past is that I now see so many opportunities to serve that were carelessly allowed to go unimproved. And countless are the times when, without cost or effort, I might have given cheer and encouragement, which I utterly failed to do. With deep regret I remember how often I neglected to express the slightest token of gratitude for the sacrifices that were made in my behalf. My good father and mother were so untiring in their ministrations, that I came to look upon it as a matter of course, and accepted their benefactions as the habitual experience of my everyday life. What comfort it would give me now, if I could look into their eyes and tell them of my deep sense of obligation and assure them of my affectionate remembrance! Alas! we are prone to defer these little things, so full of meaning, till it is too late.

Fortunately, they who give over their lives to perpetual service do not look for their reward to the gratitude of them they serve; but find it in the satisfaction

that comes from the doing. The unselfish appear even now to regard toil and compensation in the light so strikingly portrayed by Kipling in the beautiful lines of his immortal L'Envoi:

> And only the Master shall praise us, and only the Master shall blame;
> And no one shall work for money, and no one shall work for fame;
> But each for the joy of the working, and each in his separate star
> Shall draw the Thing as he sees It for the God of Things as They Are.

SELF-IMPOSED BURDENS

HAVE you ever noticed how many people there are who deprive themselves of all the joy and benefit there is in travel by the excess baggage they insist upon carrying with them? When a trip is contemplated they spend days in listing and assembling the things they imagine are essential to their enjoyment, omitting nothing which it occurs to them they may possibly need; though none of us expect to have everything we want at home.

Many a time I have gone into a Pullman where I found difficulty in obtaining a place to sit down, because the section to which I was assigned was filled with bags and boxes, bundles and wraps, to say nothing of the hats, unbrellas and toilet accessories stored in the rack overhead. This, of course, suggests it is a woman who occupies the other shelf in the section; although some men are quite as well supplied with goods and chattels, and no better provided with consideration in placing them.

It is the exception rather than the rule when the traveler finds occasion to use half of the things he lugs with him. About the only purpose served is to wear himself out looking after his belongings, keep himself annoyed by the fear that he may leave something behind and to give employment to the red-cap porter, who is always

attentive when the abundance of possessions has the appearance of prosperity. A good part of the wearing apparel we carry with us is never unpacked, while many of the changes actually made are wholly unnecessary; for, provided one is decently clad, appearance counts for little among strangers who neither observe what we wear nor care at all about it, if their attention should by any means be attracted.

Nor is the encumbrance of needless possessions confined to the wayfaring man. The same habit makes worry and work for many in their own homes. In the first place, most people who can afford it—and a great number who cannot—live in houses entirely too big for their requirements. Every spare room affords additional opportunity for the accumulation of dirt, calling for extra labor, if the place is to be kept clean and tidy. Then it is a standing invitation to that class of people who feel they are bestowing a favor by filling the vacant places at the table and occupying the company quarters. There are those who just cannot stand it to see a good bed going to waste. It may deprive you of the companionship of congenial relatives and friends, but the only sure way to escape the presence of undesirable acquaintances, who are afflicted with the habit of spending all their time visiting, is to have no place on the premises where they may be accommodated with any degree of comfort.

Even the homes that are not given over to entertainment are often constructed and furnished away beyond the reasonable demands of the occupying family. This for two reasons; first, because some who are selfish are

always trying to anticipate and to provide for every possible future want, lest they might fail in the enjoyment of some conceivable comfort or luxury. Then, again, for the sake of appearances, their vanity forbids that they should lack anything their neighbors may enjoy. Very few of us are honest enough to be content with what we can afford, if others who know us have more. Many a home is built and furnished with less thought of its comfortable use than the comment it may provoke from the people who have nothing to do with bearing the cost of providing and maintaining it. And, when you come to think of it, how silly it is that so many of the expensive things we buy are for the eye of the casual visitor; when, indeed, we should feel that the things which are good enough for our own household are surely good enough for everybody else.

How much the pilgrimage through life is like our shorter journeyings here; and how much we try to make the earthly existence like the homes in which we tarry for a little while. Few people of the great number we encounter are free from excessive weariness; few whose backs are not bowed under the heavy loads they carry. And the pity of it all is that they endure fatigue and shorten their days by burdening themselves with so many useless things. There is many a careworn face or discouraged heart that need not be, if men would only learn to put aside the heavy packs laid upon their shoulders by their own inordinate vanity, or by their needless anxiety for the future. We deliberately load ourselves down with excessive burdens, then bemoan our fate. It is not fair to ourselves, and not fair to others.

Few things eat into our vitals and destroy us more quickly or more surely than fear. Dreading an experience is often even worse than its endurance; for in the anticipation we are prone to magnify its torture; and then we may dread for days or even for years that which, when it comes to pass, is of the briefest duration; to say nothing of the fear we all have of the things which cannot possibly happen. So far as the punishment itself is concerned, it makes little difference whether the man who commits a serious crime is ever brought to judgment for the offense. I can imagine no more severe penalty than the haunted existence of the felon who lives in constant dread of apprehension. Fear of any kind pursues one like a ghost from whose presence there is no escape; yet more often than otherwise it is a creature of our own imagination and is without excuse for its existence.

The man who walks uprightly has little of which to be afraid except himself, either in this world or in the world to come. He will encounter his share of misfortune, it is true, and he may be called upon to suffer physical and mental agony; but these things must be met bravely, if he is not to be overcome. Nothing is ever gained by living in the shadow of fear; on the contrary, it unfits one to contend against the very things that terrify him. Fear is, therefore, one of the burdens from which we must deliver ourselves.

I have learned, too, that no man who cares to make progress can afford to burden himself with either a grouch or a grudge. The difference between the two consists not so much in the quality of their evil as in the object against which they are directed. The man with a

grouch hates himself, while, if he has a grudge, he hates some one else; but in either case the injury falls upon himself.

It is a very distressing thing to go through life displeased with one's existence; yet it is not an uncommon experience. Hating under any conditions is the hardest kind of work; and, while there is no justification for self-adoration, no man can afford to fall out with himself and live as his own enemy.

More pitiable, however, is the state of him who nurses a fancied or a real grievance; and most of our injuries are imaginary; for it is the motive lying behind the deed which determines its moral quality, and that is not easily perceived. Our controversies and estrangements to a very great extent result from the shallowness and the fallibility of human judgment. We cannot see very far into the souls of men, nor read them with accuracy. If the purpose of our words and deeds were as apparent as their effect, there would not be so much discord.

But, granting the injury done us is manifestly inspired by a malicious intent, no good can come from a malicious resentment. It may not always be easy to heap coals of fire on the head of an enemy, or even to sprinkle it with hot ashes; yet, if we cannot return good for evil, the peace of one's own soul forbids repayment in kind. Forgiveness is a virtue few can exercise generously, but all may at least refrain from vengeance.

I have known men to seek justification for their ire by quoting the admonition of Saint Paul, when he said: "Avenge not yourselves, but rather give place unto wrath"; construing it to mean that, while we should not

attempt to punish those who do us wrong, it is all right to boil over with indignation. And have you observed how pleased men are to quote the Scripture when it appears to excuse their own conduct? I do not believe the wise apostle ever encouraged anybody to fill himself with anger. Giving place unto wrath does not mean giving it a place in your own heart; but rather to make room for it elsewhere. If, when you walk along the highway, a recklessly driven car approaches, the wise thing to do is to get to one side of the road and make room for it to pass by without hitting you. That is giving place to the dangerous car. So with wrath, when it approaches, the best way to save yourself is to side-step it, so that it may not touch or harm you.

There is another bit of Scriptural advice concerning anger, which was likewise uttered by Saint Paul. Writing to the church at Ephesus, he said: "Let not the sun go down on your wrath." In other words, if you must lose your temper, by all means find it again before the end of the day. It will not only disturb your rest, but will likewise give you a bad start tomorrow, if you take your grievance to bed with you. Living is like banking: all accounts ought to be balanced every evening before the books are closed. Tomorrow will have its own difficulties, and you will be fully occupied without carrying over any of today's troubles. I wish it were possible to establish some sort of a moral clearing house, through which all the mutual complaints men accumulate from day to day might be offset, canceled and forgotten. It would save us a world of worrying, and would relieve us from the weight of a great deal of excess baggage.

There is an acidity in anger which very quickly sours the milk of human kindness. When I was a boy on the farm I learned that a thunder storm turns milk sour. So, too, the turbulent passions of men take all the sweetness out of their natures. The man who habitually indulges hatred not only unfits himself for service, but at the same time effectually embitters his life and poisons the source of his own happiness.

They speak wiser than they know, who, when they lose their temper, confess they are mad; for anger is madness. There is no surer evidence of sanity than to be able to subdue one's passion. The law of the land recognizes the unbalancing quality of wrath by permitting one accused of crime to enter the plea of temporary insanity when the deed was committed under the influence of an ungovernable temper. The term "brainstorm" was invented to designate the condition of the man who surrenders himself to the violence of his own wrath. I might not be disposed to punish a man for the crime he commits when crazed by his own ill temper, but would probably exact the same penalty for allowing himself to get that way.

Whatever it may or may not be, my own experience has taught me it is unprofitable to carry the burden of a grudge. The man who can forgive his enemies and forget his injuries delivers himself from the weariness of a great load and saves his strength for a much better purpose.

A VENTURE INTO THE FUTURE

It is not with the past that we are wholly concerned. For the reason that we have been there, and have some definite knowledge of what it is, it claims our attention. Then it is the experience of departed days to which we look for the truth by which to guide our footsteps in the journey onward. Still with a more intense eagerness we await the unfolding of the future, into the mystery and vastness of which we must all some day come.

I think I can catch something of the spirit prompting the lines dealing with time which we find in Tennyson's Locksley Hall:

When the centuries behind me like a fruitful land reposed;
When I clung to all the present for the promise that it closed;
When I dipped into the future far as human eye can see,
Saw the vision of the world, and the wonder that would be.

Right here and now I shall probably have to part company with some of my readers, who will decline to follow me further, because they do not hope to find either interest or profit in anything I may have to say about the future life; and for this I cannot blame them. What do I know about the great beyond? Frankly, nothing. But it is as much as any one else actually knows; and that, perhaps, is why I am bold enough to venture into that shadowy realm; for no one living is

sufficiently well informed to refute the opinions I may hold concerning it. In a matter which is not capable of positive demonstration it is perfectly safe to commit oneself, since there is no more chance to disprove what may be alleged than there is to confirm it. So I am amply protected against criticism.

Before proceeding further let me give assurance to any who may be inclined to continue with me that I have no intention whatever of attempting to impose any definite ideas of my own upon other people; least of all am I disposed to be censorious in any reference to the views which others may entertain. I am a believer in the widest possible latitude of opinion concerning even the things of which we have actual knowledge; and this surely forbids my being dogmatic in respect to the things still hidden in the far-off distance. I am well aware also that the proof of what I already believe, while entirely satisfactory to me, may carry no conviction at all to those of a different faith.

Let no one be disturbed by the impression that I am about to engage in what is conceived to be a religious discussion. First of all, religion, as I understand it, has more to do with the life we now live than with that which lies ahead of us. Naturally we think of all time as falling into three distinct divisions: the past, the present and the future. Why, then, does giving thought to either one of these periods partake more of a religious character than the thought of the others? And why, indeed, should we hesitate for any reason to give consideration to those matters of vital interest which in the broadest and best sense are of a religious nature? The

trouble is that narrow people have so narrowed and perverted the meaning of the term that they have driven the world away from that which concerns it most. The average man avoids any sort of religious discussion because he has been taught to expect nothing but dogmatic bigotry from those who engage in it.

Unfortunately, too many of us have never learned to distinguish between a substance and its shadow, between a faith and the form of its expression. It is a mistake to say the world is not religious. Every man who is sane and thoughtful has a religion of his own, which I understand to be the controlling conviction of his life. And even when we limit the term to the things pertaining to the moral and spiritual world, among all my acquaintances I do not know one who is not in some measure a religious person. Any man who has a conscience which in his solitary moments whispers to tell him where his duty lies—though he may not always heed the admonition—or any man who is at times impelled by the nobler impulse of his own heart, though it may occasionally mislead him, is to that extent a religious being. He may not be identified with any particular church or sect, he may subscribe to no particular creed or expression of faith, and he may fail very often to observe the requirements of his own unwritten code; yet, if he has convictions which he cannot disregard without a sense of contrition and a silent yearning to make amends, he is, indeed, a religious man. Then why should we not freely talk of these things which certainly affect our happiness and well-being more than all else?

I have never been able to understand why so many

are ready at all times and in all places to discuss any and everything beside, yet shrink from a religious topic as if it were a deadly plague. I have sat in the smoking-room of a Pullman and listened until the small hours of the night to a group of men, who scarcely knew each other's names, engage in heated argument of political issues which meant little to any one of them. I have seen them grow boisterous and abusive about the most trivial matters of commonplace gossip. Yet these same people would not hesitate to denounce as fanatical any one who might in their presence express a decided opinion relating to the real purpose of living. Even women sometimes forget their good breeding and refinement and by the unrestrained sharpness of their tongues incur each other's everlasting enmity in discussing the personal affairs of some mutual acquaintance; though they sneer at the slightest reference to the obligations they are under to give spiritual guidance to their own children.

No one has less patience than I with the irreligious discussion of religious matters, in which some engage with satanic vehemence. There are too many persons, conspicuous in the church, who strain out the gnat and swallow the camel by nagging the world about the unimportant things, while they omit to pay any serious attention to the graver truths of human existence; and this they do in the name of religion.

I can imagine nothing that is less edifying and less inspiring than to listen to a joint debate between two intolerant advocates of opposing views concerning some minor ecclesiastical doctrines, which can never be settled till the end of time and which could make no con-

ceivable difference in the life or death of a single individual, if it were determined. All this bitter controversy between the fundamentalist and the modernist, as they call themselves, is, to my mind, as far from the point as would be a discussion of the ancient question, why does a hen cross the road. No verdict can ever be reached, and the only purpose the agitation can possibly serve is to drive men deeper into their bewildering prejudices. It is not recorded that a joint debate has ever healed a wound or redeemed a dissolute life.

A radio sits on a table by my bedside, to which I am indebted for no little happiness; but when the announcement is made that Dr. Bigot and Dr. Bonehead are about to debate the imaginary conflicts between religion and science—and to demonstrate, incidentally, as they usually do, their lack of the one and their ignorance of the other—I forthwith proceed to tune in another station; for I can get a better thrill and quite as much spiritual uplift listening to a round-by-round report of a prize fight as I can by hearing such discussion. Sometimes I wonder if these bitter controversialists know how much they are doing to block the way into a church.

How much better it would be, if we could lose sight of all our denominational and doctrinal distinctions instead of cultivating them. When men are overtaken by a great affliction, or when they stand in the shadow of a great peril, and feel the need of each other, they put aside their differences without delay. Sobered by the menace of the terrible war from which we recently emerged, how quickly the allied nations forgot their racial and religious distinctions and in the unity of an

essential faith went forth to meet a common enemy. And now, that the danger for a little while seems to be past, how quickly they have resumed their petty quarrels where they left off.

Illustrating the spirit to which reference has just been made, I recall an occasion when I attended a public meeting called for the purpose of aiding in the placing of a liberty loan. A prominent banker presided and introduced three speakers: one of them a Jewish rabbi, the second a Catholic priest, and the third myself, a backslidden Methodist. There was no thought then of the differences in our creeds. We were cemented by a common anxiety and a common purpose.

If I could have my way, there would be but one church; and the dimensions of its doorway would differ materially from the entrances to denominational bodies. I would make it wide enough for any one to pass through who cherished a sincere desire to please his God and to serve his fellow man, yet not sufficiently high as to permit entrance without bowing the head. Thus the two requirements of admission would be charity on the part of those already inside, and humility in the soul that approaches.

The interest every thoughtful man must have in the future is wrapt up in what we call destiny; which term I use as designating one's final estate, and not in the restricted sense in which it is sometimes employed, implying a fixed and unalterable fate from which there is no escape; for I hold the belief that the destiny of every man is largely determined by himself.

It is not an uncommon thing to hear some one who

has been overtaken by misfortune ask the question: "What is to become of me?" But his concern in most cases is limited to the short stretch of years that lie between him and his grave; little realizing that to find the full and complete answer to that inquiry he must go into that mysterious realm from which no man returns; for it little matters what may here befall him, as compared with the inheritance awaiting him in the infinite existence beyond.

There is grave reason, indeed, why we should all ask what is to become of us; even if we limit the scope of the inquiry to the future history of men while they continue upon the earth. The signs of the times are by no means reassuring. Forebodings of ill are too obvious to be disregarded. In whatever direction we look, at home or abroad, the unmistakable evidences of potential disaster are so abundant that only the faith we have in the ultimate triumph of the right enables us to keep alive our hope. The nations of the earth are filled with discontent, and are torn asunder by their bitter animosities. There is everywhere to be seen the spirit of revolt against the restraints of orderly existence; while men and women openly scorn the things we have been taught to revere as essential to the stability of social refinement and civilized accomplishment.

Forgetful of all the ages had taught us, we reverted to the practices of ancient days, when men knew no law but that of brutal force, and yielded to no persuasion save that of the deadly bludgeon. For four long years the peoples that had been boastful of their progressive attainments devoted all their genius and energy to their

own mutual destruction; nor did they hesitate to resort to forms of violence that we had believed could be tolerated only among the barbarous tribes.

And what has come out of it? Surely no benefit that is not infinitely outweighed by the price that was paid for it. Not only have we utterly destroyed the wholesome fruits of men's toiling, and spilled their blood beyond reckoning, but we have so impaired the spiritual quality of those who survive as to make it impossible to even approximate the cost of that cruel revelry. Realizing fully the magnitude of all else the world has suffered, I still believe the greatest and most irreparable loss sustained within the terrible decade just ended is the deadening of human sensibility and the callousness of the human heart incident to a close and continued acquaintance with the horrors of war.

Referring to the recurring waves of crime, which in all quarters of the globe have followed fast upon each other, Sir Philip Gibbs, somewhere in one of his very readable books, has spoken of it as the natural conduct of those who were unhinged by the cheapness of life and the brutality shown in the period of the war. I am inclined to believe he is right; and I am also convinced we shall not be able to escape that vitiating influence until in course of time the colors and outlines of that hideous picture fade from our memories.

I do not for a moment despair of the world's ultimate deliverance. On the contrary, I cherish an abiding faith in its final and complete redemption from the curse that has fallen upon it; but not within the brief period in which some expect it to happen, nor in the manner in

which some look for the accomplishment of that end. The enactment of wise laws, and their impartial enforcement will be of material assistance; but the trouble lies too deep to be reached or cured by legislation and imprisonment. The educational enlightenment of the people is of the greatest importance; but the infection is too acute to be expelled by intellectual culture. Untold benefits may come through the cooperative efforts of all the nations of the earth; but no diplomatic understandings or associated surveillance can do more than minimize the outward expression of selfishness and greed. The world will be rescued from the mire in which it wallows when, but not until, it experiences a spiritual regeneration.

Now that I have said that, I know there are those who will declare I am dreaming, if they do not even believe the statement indicates my near approach to a state of senility. Those who may be disposed to judge me less harshly, but who are yet surprised by my utterance, will perhaps attribute it to that morbid condition which so often beclouds the vision of those who feel the restraint and chafe under the suffering of a prolonged physical infirmity. It is so natural, they will suggest, to turn one's thoughts away from material things when divorced from the real activities of this present life.

I may be handicapped by a mental weakness, I confess; but it is not more pronounced than it has always been. Certainly I have undergone no recent cerebral disintegration sufficient to reverse the processes of my reasoning. It is true that I have not been able for more than three years to be actively identified with my former pursuits; but that alienation has neither embittered nor

discouraged me. And it is the truth I am speaking when I say I have never been happier than now. I have neither fallen out with the world nor out of it.

Moreover, my perspective has not been dimmed by the fading light of my existence, nor impaired by a disturbing anticipation of its ending. I am not conscious of any disquieting anxiety about the hour of my departure. It is obvious, to be sure, that I cannot hope to remain here a great while longer; but the same may be said of every one who has come to the "Twice Thirty" stage of existence, concerning which Edward Bok has written so entertainingly. Since the beginning of my illness many who were both younger and stronger have gone ahead of me into the land of the departed; and others, who pity me, may yet pass me on the road. This much, however, my inactivity has had to do with the opinions I now hold, as already stated; it has afforded the opportunity to reflect upon serious things without interruption, and to arrive at conclusions more definite than I formerly held.

It is my wish to devote the remaining pages of this little book to an avowal of my strengthened convictions, not because they are new, for, indeed, they are old as the everlasting hills, but for two definite reasons. In the first place, since men are so ready to express themselves about material things, much more should we be willing to proclaim the truth as we see it pertaining to matters spiritual and enduring. My second reason is entirely personal. I have an earnest desire to correct, as far as it can now be done, any false impressions I may have made in my past life by permitting myself to as-

sume an attitude of indifference or of apparent disloyalty to the truth as it revealed itself to me. In these matters, as in others, we are inclined to pursue the course of least resistance. It is easier to make oneself agreeable by silent acquiescence than to invite criticism by a firm dissent. Not that there is virtue in seizing every opportunity for contention, nor in assuming an unyielding attitude, for tolerance is not inconsistent with loyalty; but no man is justified in revealing himself in a false light when it gives implied approval to what he does not believe to be true.

It is not an unusual thing for a witness, when he realizes his testimony has been misleading, to request his recall to the stand, that he may correct his evidence; and that is what I now wish to do.

Reviewing the past, it is perfectly plain that more than once by the carelessness of my speech or conduct, I have borne false witness, which is an offense so grievous as to be expressly forbidden in the Decalogue. So here and now I want to disavow any intention I may have thoughtlessly indicated to cast reflection upon anything sacred or to deny the essentials of a living faith in spiritual things. It may not be a matter of the least importance to any one else, but it will serve to restore my own peace of mind and to quiet the accusation of my own conscience. Thus having in a measure set myself right, I am led to reaffirm my belief that the world's only hope for a redemption from its ills is in its spiritual regeneration.

THE NEEDFUL AWAKENING

I HAVE said the world is in want of a moral awakening. By that I mean a quickening of the sense of our obligation to the God who made us and to our fellow man; and this must have its beginning in an enlargement of our understanding of the being and nature of the Creator and Preserver of all things.

It is not my purpose to discuss the existence of God, as if it were a debatable question; for I have neither the time nor the inclination to engage in controversy with any who may deny it. Practically speaking, all men believe in a Supreme Ruler of the universe; though their conceptions may widely differ. How could they fail to believe? Here and there we find one who scorns such faith; yet who manifests infinitely more credulity in contending that the world made itself and shapes its own destiny. That there is a Divinity controlling all things is sufficiently revealed to all who are open-minded; and yet, in the very nature of things, it is incapable of that kind of proof which satisfies the few who demand tangible evidence. It is, therefore, a waste of time to attempt a demonstration of the kind required by the willful doubter.

If I were utterly lacking in that intuitive faith which no man can either explain or deny, and if ignorant en-

tirely of the revelation of His written word, the things which I behold from day to day are so obviously stamped with the seal of truth, I could not resist the presumption arising in my own mind and heart that back of it all there is a responsible Omnipotence, though far above and beyond my comprehension. And I am persuaded too that, whatever they may openly avow, all who are normal experience to a degree the same impression. No matter who nor where he may be, there is no man living who, when overcome by a sense of his own helplessness, does not look beyond himself and offer up a silent supplication to his ill-defined conception of his Creator and Preserver. So out of the loneliness of his being he lifts his yearning soul to the God whom he does not know in vague but sincere appeal; after the manner of Pope's Universal Prayer:

> Father of all! in every age,
> In every clime adored,
> By saint, by savage, and by sage,
> Jehovah, Jove or Lord!
> Thou Great First Cause, least understood,
> Who all my sense confined
> To know but this, that Thou art good,
> And that myself am blind.

Who can look upon the universe about him, and observe the wisdom in which it was conceived and the orderly stability in which it is maintained, without some serious thought of the Hand which brought it into being and ordains its perpetual continuance? We express our admiration for the things conceived and fashioned by the genius of men; yet how infinitely more astounding are the things which are divinely wrought

and bewildering in their perfection and their vastness.

No prudent man would venture a wager that the best train, operated over the best railroad in the world, would for a single trip move in exact conformity with its published schedule; yet generations in advance of its happening we were told to the very second when to expect the total eclipse of the sun which was witnessed a few months ago in certain parts of the United States. The fractional discrepancies in some of the forecasts were admittedly due, not to any variations in the movement of the planets, but to the inaccuracy in the scientific calculations by which the time was fixed for the occurrence. A countless multitude of celestial bodies move through the boundless space of the heavens for untold ages with a precision no human invention can promise for a single hour.

So accustomed indeed have we become to the infallibility of all creation, we accept it as the very essence of things, and order our lives accordingly, with little thought of the reason for our confidence. We depend upon the recurring seasons, upon the night following the day, upon the heat of the summer and the snows of winter, upon seedtime and harvest, and shape our own courses to agree with the inevitable faith we have in the stability of all God's creation, though we may not once give expression to our firm belief. Bulwer Lytton was right when he wrote:

> There is no unbelief;
> Whoever plants a seed beneath the sod
> And waits to see it push away the clod;
> He trusts in God.

Whoever sees 'neath winter's field of snow
The silent harvest of the future grow,
God's power must know.

Whoever says, "Tomorrow," "The unknown,"
"The future," trusts the Power alone
He dares disown.

There is no unbelief;
And day by day, unconsciously,
The heart lives by that faith the lips deny,
God knoweth why!

I am not at all concerned about the methods of creation. It means nothing to me whether we accept a literal interpretation of the story recorded in the earlier chapters of the Book of Genesis, or pass it over as a fanciful recital of a writer who had more fondness for poetic license than he had regard for historic accuracy. My faith is not disturbed for a moment by insisting that, instead of its being accomplished in the brief period of six days, countless ages were required to lay the foundations of the universe, and countless more to approach the completion of the work. Nothing vital to my theology is involved in the length of time God chose to consume in the fulfillment of His creative purpose. It is enough for me to know that the world and all it contains was brought into being, without inquiring into the details of the processes adopted.

If the theory of evolution be true—and in its best sense I am inclined to believe it is, what does it mean but that the all-wise Creator preferred to impart to His handiwork that principle of development by which all things continue to raise themselves from one degree of

perfection to another, and thus gradually unfold themselves. I see nothing repellent in the thought. It is the way of all nature, as no observing person can fail to understand.

The fruit we gather from the trees is not hung upon their branches, ripe and luscious, overnight. The grain we reap in the fields and garner for our sustenance does not mature while we stand waiting to thrust in the sickle: weeks and months go by; the sun must pour out its heat and the clouds their refreshing moisture between the seedtime and the harvest. Children are born into the world tiny, frail and utterly dependent. They are not only unable to supply their own wants, but cannot so much as make them known. It is a long, long journey from infancy to mature manhood. Part of the way we must be carried, over a part of it we must crawl, and then we must walk the rest of it.

What difference does it make to me, if, instead of the world being called into existence in the beginning, just as we now see it, cycles were required to set the sun, the moon and the stars in the heavens and to banish the darkness which brooded over the face of the deep; to pile the stones upon one another, and to rear the majestic mountains; to chisel out the valleys and to make way for the flowing streams; to roll back the waters that covered the earth and fix the boundaries of the seas; to clothe the fields in verdure, to adorn them with the radiance and perfume them with the breath of a million blossoms; to fill the branches of the trees with the plumage and the melody of the joyous birds?

Am I to reject the Author of my being and cease to be

grateful for the rich inheritance of life, even if it be true that, instead of bringing man forthwith into the fullness of his being by creating him out of the dust of the earth, centuries were consumed in lifting him out of the lower orders of life into his present estate? That the way was opened for that ascent is sufficient reason for rejoicing. Not from whence, but how far I have come, is the important question. And should it be demonstrated that the humble apes and gorillas were numbered among my distant ancestors, it can do me no harm, unless I insist upon retaining the family resemblance and fall behind in the march of human progress.

After all, why should the creative plans be rushed to a hasty conclusion? Does not eternity afford ample time for gradual development? When we shall have lived as far into the future as the human mind can conceive, we shall have only begun to be. It was contemplating the endless duration of time and the eternal existence of his Maker, no doubt, which lead the Psalmist to declare, "A thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night." Surely there is no need for haste in reaching the end of all perfection. The trouble with most of us is that we measure our existence by the brief period we spend upon the earth, without taking into account that which lies beyond, and thus betray ourselves into a needless impatience.

That gradual development is the universal law of life is no answer to the belief in a Divine Creator; for there can be no law without a law-giver, nor can it be effective without having back of it a hand sufficiently strong to

insure its enforcement. The acknowledgment of a law implies the existence of a ruler. The best definition of law that I have ever run across is that of a distinguished scientist and theologian, Richard Watson, who was a professor of chemistry in Trinity College, England, in the eighteenth century. His writings were notable for their accuracy of expression and for their terseness. Watson tells us, "Law is the will of a superior power." I can find no flaw in that definition. In the writings of Blackstone, as in the works of all the other legal authorities, there is nowhere to be found a definition so brief and yet so comprehensive.

The will of a superior power involves the two essential elements in any potential rule of action; a definite purpose and the ability to put it into effect. There must be a special aim in the establishment of any regulation, otherwise it would not be created. And it is because of the vagueness of their conception that so many of the laws written upon our statute books are ambiguous in their application. A great deal of the time of the courts is taken up in construing the enactments of our legislative bodies. Many of them are so ill-conceived that they are discarded altogether, while others are made operative by putting into them a meaning the framers of the laws never had in mind—if indeed they had any.

Since a law is, strictly speaking, the expression of a will, or purpose, it follows that no regulation ordained of men is necessarily a wise, just or wholesome rule of action; for men themselves are not always wise, just nor able to discern that which is for the best. So we have laws that are foolish, laws that are unfair and laws that,

though intended to be helpful, are entirely useless.

Experience has taught us that there is little dependence to be put in the stability of the rules which men prescribe for their own guidance. Not only are the bodies which frame them frequently changed, but the mind of the law-maker is itself changed; while it is not an unusual occurrence for the courts to reverse each other, or even to reverse themselves. Thus, while every law is an expression of a potential will, not a great deal of reliance can be placed in any statute of human origin, for the reason that the will back of it is fallible and vacillating.

To be effective a law must likewise be the expression of a will sufficiently strong to enforce it; in other words, it must be the will of a superior power. Failing in its enforcement, it fails in everything. Whenever a government, either through its own weakness or on account of the disloyalty of its constabulary, breaks down in the execution of its decrees, it rapidly approaches dissolution. There is grave danger to any state when it no longer requires obedience to its mandates, or when it admits it is powerless to compel compliance. The injury resulting from the violation of law is not measured by the gravity of the offense committed so much as by impairment of civil authority through the defiance to which it is subjected. Disobedience is itself the very essence of sin, no matter in what way it may find expression. There is no surer way to destroy a state than to rob it of the respect to which it is entitled, and this is quickly accomplished by an habitual violation of law.

If nature's laws were no more dependable than our

own, men would be in constant peril, and they could have no assurance whatever of success in their undertakings. For ages navigators have ventured far out upon the seas, laying the courses of their ships with confidence, because they could trust the unfailing accuracy of the stars that guide them. And so the pursuits of men are encouraged by the stability of the laws which govern the universe. The amazing triumphs of science have been reached by the patient efforts of those who have come to know that the things which happen today will, under identical conditions, happen again tomorrow. Every device wrought out by inventive genius has been made possible by the knowledge that the elements and forces of the natural world may be trusted to obey the laws of their existence. If it were not so, there is no human enterprise in which men could engage with any reasonable hope of success.

The science of engineering, to which we are indebted for so much of our progress, is based upon the assurance that nature's laws are unchanging; that, having once ascertained the elementary qualities and forces of the things about us, that knowledge may be used in all our calculations with absolute confidence. It was not the falling of a single apple to the ground which suggested to Sir Isaac Newton the theory of gravitation; but, observing the invariable tendency of every detached body to approach the center of the earth, he was convinced of the existence of the immutable law.

Observing the lifting of the lid by the steam accumulated in a tea-kettle induced James Watt to pursue an investigation which demonstrated the existence of a

physical law that could be relied on to generate force by the confinement of steam, out of which knowledge he ultimately developed the condensing steam-engine. So you will find all the great scientists, Franklin, Pasteur, Steinmetz, the Wrights, Edison, Marconi, and others too numerous to mention, have perfected their inventions by relying upon the infallibility of nature's laws.

When, therefore, we have once observed these invariable phenomena, one cannot easily refrain from going back to the source and searching out the cause; for the conviction is irresistible that these laws were framed by a wisdom and are perpetuated by an omnipotence which, call it what you please, answers to a believer's conception of a God. Thus the very things which some rely upon to discredit the existence of a Supreme Ruler of the universe afford to me a proof of His being, the rejection of which is unthinkable.

Yet, as important as it is to observe and to understand the testimony of the material world, and as much as it may profit us to read and meditate upon the pages of nature's open book, the intellectual faith in this manner acquired is not sufficient to lift men out of their sordid existence into a life of lofty purpose and achievement. When we have come to know the whole story of the world's creation and perpetual maintenance we have only touched the edge of the truth which makes us free.

THE FAITH THAT REGENERATES

MUCH as we may yield intellectual assent to the being of an omnipotent God, it is not enough to reclaim the world from the evils into which it has fallen. That sort of knowledge can no more bear fruit in transforming the character and the lives of men than one can gather a bountiful harvest by being familiar with the processes of agriculture, without planting the grain or tilling the soil; nor more than one can enrich himself by an intimate knowledge of finance, without taking the pains to earn or to save a dollar. We need to have a far better understanding of our relation to our God and to our fellow man than that which may be obtained by an abstract study of the theoretical schemes of human life.

It is character that determines what we are and what we are worth to the generation in which we live; and character is not the product of mental exercise. No less an authority than King Solomon, after he had dwelt at length upon the value of wisdom, concluded with this earnest entreaty, "Keep thy heart with all diligence; for out of it are the issues of life." If he had believed in the supremacy of intellectual attainment, it is fair to assume his entreaty would have been to keep the head with all diligence, which is manifestly important; for scarcely a day passes in which we do not

witness the disaster resulting from losing one's head.

It matters little how strong-minded one may be, when there is a conflict between the two, it is usually the heart which prevails. Desire rides rough-shod over the judgment. We sit down and reason out the course we ought to pursue; then follow that indicated by our longings. So it appears the world is not so much in need of an intellectual awakening as of a quickening of its conscience and a refinement of its sensibilities; not so much in need of mental sagacity as of moral discernment.

I am perfectly well aware there are those who seem to have little or no concern about spiritual things, yet who, nevertheless, live decent, upright and generous lives. In such cases, however, as already observed, if the truth were known, they have more faith than they avow, and more even than they are conscious of possessing. It is likewise true that, though they may not acknowledge it, the virtue that adorns them is patterned after the virtue born of a living faith; and their conduct is to be commended just to the extent that it accords with spiritual truth. There is no real worth in any living being that is not required of every true believer. And somehow I do not feel that any man can know or can do his whole duty without a complete understanding of his relations and his obligations to his fellow man; and these are largely to be determined by the relations and obligations they all have to their God.

There are considerations which members of the same family are expected to accord one another based entirely upon their kinship to a common parentage. Brothers and sisters are such because they are born of the same father

and mother; and, although they may not always express it in their daily lives, there is an intimacy of relationship among them which they do not have with others who are not of the same household. And aside from the amenities and affections they are expected to extend to each other, their successes and their failures are to be shared. So also, when there is no valid reason to the contrary, all of the children are supposed to participate in the distribution of the estate left by a common ancestry. That right is recognized in this country by the civil law, and upon it are based the various statutes of descent which have been enacted to govern the disbursement of inherited property.

In a much broader and more general way is it not reasonable to believe that all people would live upon better terms and would be controlled less by selfish and exacting motives, if they recognized a universal spiritual kinship growing out of a more intimate and more personal relation to their Creator than that involved in the mere intellectual belief in His existence as the Ruler of the Universe? That the world may attain to the highest and best estate implies not only an observance of the law handed down from the beginning, but likewise an acceptance of the ethics and the vital principles recorded in the Gospels and proclaimed in the sermon on the mount. Whatever one may believe concerning the personality of Christ himself, there can be little room for doubt that the world must find its regeneration in the teachings of the Christian religion. And when I speak of the Christian religion I do not mean to exclude the Jew or the follower of any other faith who is sincere

in his search for the truth, and earnestly desires to conform his life thereto.

By other methods we may accomplish a great deal in reforming the world and bettering the conduct of those who live in it. We may to a very considerable extent pacify the warring factions of the world and minimize its wrongs and distractions, but we cannot hope to rise far above the current level of existence until a spiritual regeneration is wrought in the hearts of men. Anything else we may undertake to do is but a treatment of the symptoms without reaching the seat of the real trouble. We are too prone to apply palliatives instead of remedies. A resort to narcotics may benumb the patient and deaden the sense of pain; and by artificial stimulation we may create the appearance of restored vitality; but none of these things are curative: they serve only to delude and to postpone the final dissolution.

Have you ever stopped to consider how much of the burden would be lifted from the shoulders of men, if their hearts were only right? In the first place, the larger part of the excessive cost of living consists of the price we pay for protecting ourselves against each other. The expense of maintaining the government, which rests so heavily upon the people, would be nominal, if all men and women were honest. Our national and state legislative bodies could enact enough laws in a few hours to meet every requirement, if mortals were not inclined to do wrong. As it is, they are in session almost continuously in the alleged attempt to restrain the erring and to provide suitable punishment for all who transgress. Think of the good that might be accom-

plished by a judicious expenditure of the amount required to support the federal congress! The salary paid to a single member of that body is sufficient to engage the services of four or five trained nurses who would relieve our pains instead of increasing them. And that is only a small item in one of the many branches of the government which in some form or another reaches out into every conceivable avenue of human activity.

A multitude of courts are sitting every day of the year, requiring the services of a great army of officers and attendants to execute their orders. Juries are impanelled, not only to determine the guilt or the innocence of those who are accused of crime, but likewise to settle the controversies of men who refuse to render to others that which is due, or who seek to acquire that which they cannot justly claim. Thousands clothed in the uniform and authority of the law are stationed along the highways and in every place where men and women assemble to enforce order and to maintain the peace and dignity of the state. They must even continue their vigilant patrol through the silent hours of the night to guard against the crimes and misdemeanors which are ordinarily committed under the cover of darkness. Practically all this service and the burdensome cost of its maintenance could readily be dispensed with, if men were inclined to righteousness.

Still more oppressive and menacing are the armed forces on land and sea, organized and equipped by the nations of the earth to enforce their alleged rights and to protect their borders against the invasion of alien enemies. Though impoverished to the last degree by the

ravages of cruel war, all Europe bristles with bayonets and groans under the accumulated load of her martial expenditures; continuing even in the days of her fictitious peace to spend more for munitions than she spends for bread; and all because men do not choose to do right.

Infinitely more disastrous than all the material loss is the destruction of human life and human happiness, as well as the moral degradation of the world, resulting from the crimes that are wantonly committed. The anguish of body and soul that helpless men and women and innocent children are called upon to endure—even what they have suffered within the brief period of the last decade—is beyond reckoning. Who can think without a shudder of the torture that has been inflicted and the blood that has been spilled through the vindictiveness and unrestrained hatred festering in the unregenerate souls of men; all of which might have been averted if we loved truth and justice and were animated by the spirit of Christian charity?

Go where you will, and look upon the deforming scars of conflict born of malice and greed, which no one can fail to observe who is not blind, then tell me if I am wrong when I say the world is in sore need of a spiritual regeneration; and tell me, too, if you can, how it may be accomplished except by a closer approach to the God who made us, and an acceptance of a universal brotherhood as the controlling influence in our daily lives. We have tried everything else, without success. The teachings of the great philosophers, while not to be despised, have not been able to lift men out of the depth of their despair, except to the extent those teach-

ings have embodied the spiritual truths so clearly set forth in the Christian faith. Those who contend that religion has failed would be nearer the truth to say that we have failed because we have departed from the wholesome and redeeming principles of the religion of Christ.

Individuals and nations are alike in this, that all who call themselves Christian do not practice the faith designated by that term. There is no better proof of the soundness and value of these teachings than the fact that all men and all peoples, whatever they may be or do, resent the impeachment when they are called un-Christian, and for that reason the religion of Christ is discredited by very many who appropriate the name but not the virtues of the faith.

While we were in the active bitterness of the late war—and for that matter since its formal but ineffectual ending—it was not an unusual thing to hear it scornfully alleged that the church had broken down or that Christianity had failed; but the truth is the world lost its bearings and drifted into its own ruin because it had departed from the teachings of the church and had become disloyal to the Christian belief. We might as well say sobriety has failed because some men get drunk, or that there is no such thing as good health because some are taken ill. The world war was neither conceived nor fought in the spirit of the gospel. No man has ever lived to regret his religious fidelity, but many have bitterly repented their apostasy.

I sometimes wonder what motive can induce men to ridicule the religious faith and practice of anybody,

unless it be to shield their own questionable conduct from the charge of inconsistency. Surely when left alone with their own consciences they do not pretend to justify their endeavors in that respect; for, whatever that faith may be, they who would take it away and give nothing in return cannot pride themselves in what they do. I would not want to feel that I had deprived any human being of the comfort afforded by his religion without knowing that I had given him something equally helpful.

The house in which my neighbor lives may not be well constructed. Its roof may leak, and its walls may not offer complete resistance to the chill winds of the winter. It may be dingy and uninviting without, poorly furnished and dimly lighted within. Yet it offers a better shelter to himself and his family than the unhospitable out-of-doors; and I have no right to tear it down, just because it does not appeal to me unless at the same time a better habitation is placed at his disposal. And tell me, please, what has any scoffer ever offered to take the place of the faith he contemns? I believe David knew what he was talking about when he said, "Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful."

"IF A MAN DIE, SHALL HE LIVE AGAIN?"

STRIPPED of all that he possessed and sorely afflicted in his body; scorned and rebuked by his friends and not spared by his own household; it is not hard to understand why Job, in the hour of his bitter disappointment and grief, should for a moment lose his hope and question not only the continuance of life beyond the grave but whether in any event human existence is to be desired. It is not strange, therefore, that he should make note of nature's law of survival in the manifest hope of a tree, that, "if it be cut down, it will sprout again"; or that he should ask concerning himself: "If a man die, shall he live again?"

Yet, in spite of the alluring promise of escape from all his distresses offered by the apparent insensate state of the dead, he could not wholly abandon his desire to live again. So we hear him lifting up his voice in pathetic appeal to the God whom he had so faithfully served, and in whom he had put his trust: "O that thou wouldst hide me in the grave, that thou wouldst keep me secret until thy wrath be past, that thou wouldst appoint me a set time and remember me!" He looked upon the sepulcher as a sanctuary that might conceal him from the misfortunes that pursued him; yet he could not bear the thought of remaining there, in-

animate and forgotten, through all the endless future.

Such moments of despair and bewilderment come to all of us. No one can escape the overhanging clouds which for a season impair the clearness of our vision and lead us to inquire out of the darkness and doubt that encompass us: "If a man die, shall he live again?" And it is in the affirmative answer to that question that life unfolds its true meaning. What we shall be and what we shall do in this present existence is determined largely by the measure of our faith in the life to come.

While it cannot fail to have its influence, I do not mean that the manner of our living is or should be controlled to any great extent by the hope of reward or the fear of punishment. There is little genuineness or merit in that virtue which one assumes for the sake of obtaining the prize, or in that abstinence from wrong-doing which one may practice for the purpose of avoiding the penalty. It is not surprising that men reject the belief in a heaven which is held out as a compensation for righteousness, or a hell which is threatened as a punishment for sin.

I do not believe in teaching our children to do right for the sake of wearing a crown, or to eschew evil as a sort of fire insurance. And to me it seems a great pity that so many denominational bodies, with more concern for their theology than their religion, insist upon retaining in their formal creeds the literal doctrines of the primitive church, which few in their hearts believe, and which cannot strengthen our faith in either the wisdom or the mercy of God.

To this day I recall the unhappy hours of my child-

hood, when I lived in dread of the everlasting torture which I was convinced I must certainly endure on account of my disobedience to the letter of the law; for some who had undertaken to instruct me attached more importance to the reading of the Bible than to understanding it. In this I do not refer to the teaching of my worthy parents; for I cannot remember that either one of them ever sought to terrify me by pointing to the flames of an orthodox hell. Nor shall I ever forget the dread I had of the judgment day; because I had been told by some who were ignorant of its meaning that, upon the authority of Holy Writ, "Whosoever calleth his brother a fool is in danger of hell fire." I had three brothers; and more than once, under the influence of a boyish passion, I had ventured to apply to them that forbidden epithet. And I know the impatient heart of my youth did not yearn for the heaven that was described in the old-fashioned hymn as a place "where congregations ne'er break up, and Sabbaths have no end"; for I had too often been obliged to remain a part of congregations that unreasonably delayed their breaking up, while my appetite was increasing and my dinner getting cold; and I had also known Sabbaths which, because they were solemn and cheerless, were too long coming to an end.

But I am drifting away from my text. When I speak of the present life being influenced by our faith in a future existence, I mean it makes a vast difference whether we look upon the time we spend in this world as all there is to our being, and the grave as its goal, or reckon it as only the beginning of a life that shall go on

forever. Sometimes, I know, the days go by with long, drawn-out weariness; yet, if we even live beyond the allotted threescore and ten, then to die and be no more, at best it does not seem worth while. Why, then, I ask, should I busy myself to acquire either worldly goods or an enviable reputation, if I must so shortly put them aside forever? But, if we are to come into a new existence, and are to take up again the things we have here left off, is there not every reason in the world to start right?

The immortality of the soul, like the existence of God, while convincingly supported by testimony ample to meet the requirements of all who are inclined to believe, is not capable of a positive demonstration of the kind demanded by those who prefer to doubt. Save the risen Lord himself, whose testimony is rejected by those who do not credit his life or resurrection, no one has ever come back from the unseen world beyond the tomb to tell us what it is like. The future existence may appeal to the intelligence, but no one in cold and unassisted logic can reason out a complete answer to the question, "If a man die, shall he live again?" One may feel the answer and come to know it with as much certainty as one knows that he lives in the flesh; but it cannot be made perfectly plain to the man who does not care so to believe. The best evidence any man can have of his own immortality is his own faith that will not permit him to deny it.

To me God and immortality stand or fall together. I cannot reconcile a brief earthly existence, with nothing to follow it, to the character and the purpose of the Creator of all things. Everlasting life is a correlative

essential to my conception of an omnipotent God; while an infinite Ruler of the Universe is just as essential to my belief in the immortality of my own soul. There must be a distinct correspondence between the Creator and the creature.

When we consider that man was made in the spiritual likeness of his Creator, and that for his sake and benefit all else was brought into being, is it conceivable that God's favorite creature was formed merely to enjoy and to suffer a few short days at best, then disappear forever? In what respect were we made in the image of God, if not in the imperishability of the soul?

One of the most appealing reasons for my believing in a future life I find in the imperfections, the inconsistencies and in what we may even call the injustices of this present existence. If the Supreme Ruler of the universe is a God of justice and mercy, as I most confidently believe Him to be, then there must be a reckoning in the hereafter, whereby the inequalities of experiences, so manifestly existing here, may be corrected; for surely no one will seriously contend that all are rewarded in this life according to their deserts.

While in a general way it is perfectly true that here and now virtue is its own reward, it is, nevertheless, obvious that the choicest fruits are not always gathered by the most deserving, and that the heaviest burdens are not always laid upon the shoulders most able to bear them. In this world it is not unusual for men to reap where they have not sown, or for the innocent to suffer while the guilty escape. How can such things be, and how can we in the face of them retain our faith in the

justice of God, if there is no time nor place for the readjustment of these palpable inequalities?

I am only stating what all must know when I say that the way is made exceedingly difficult for some and comparatively easy for others who appear to be equally worthy. Ordinarily the law of compensation works itself out in the course of time, so that men sooner or later reap what they sow; but it is by no means always true. Among my own intimate friends and acquaintances there are many exceptions to the rule. I have known men to prosper and to enjoy the fruits of their own selfishness till the very end of their days, while others who have diligently sought to walk uprightly and to faithfully serve their generation spend their years in sore privation. Thousands are today living in luxury who never earned a single dollar of the fortunes they consume in gratifying their own selfish desires; while others who have bravely struggled to lift humanity's burden are utterly destitute.

It does not follow that a man is dishonest or selfish because he prospers. Some who have accumulated large estates haver never stolen a single penny; and many of them use their wealth so wisely and so generously that they are honored for what they are and for what they possess. Men who succeed by their own diligence and foresight and obtain what they possess without an infringement of the rights of their neighbors are entitled to respect and gratitude, for to them we look, and not in vain, for the help the world must have to relieve its distresses. All over the land are to be found schools and hospitals, homes and places of refuge, that stand out

like towering monuments to the generosity and humanity of their founders; and which, but for these worthy individuals, could never have been established. I am far from being jealous of the success which attends deserving effort; and I am more than glad to give credit where it is due. But, unfortunately, accumulated wealth does not invariably fall into clean and unselfish hands.

There are men—and women, too—who have never known what it is to do a day's work or to make a personal sacrifice, who think only of their own pleasure in spending the fortunes they have not earned, and who look down with ill-concealed scorn upon the lowly toilers, by the sweat of whose faces their great wealth has been created. The tired laborer who wends his way to his humble home at the end of a long and busy day must step aside to make way for the luxurious limousine in which reclines some habitual idler, hurrying from one indulgence to another, lest some enjoyment may escape him.

Women whose soft hands have never been soiled by service, and whose priceless apparel has never touched the unkept places where weariness and want abide, day after day and night after night revel in the luxury of their prosperity, while their unfortunate sisters, with blood as pure and with souls as sensitive, minister to the sick and dying, and who upon their aching and bending backs carry without a murmur the load of human suffering.

Call it the blindness of fate, or what else you please, I cannot bring myself to believe that so long as a just and merciful God is enthroned in the heavens these ine-

qualities can go unnoticed or forever unchanged. And since we know so well they are not always taken into account or corrected in this life, tell me, if you please, how justice can ever be done, if there is no future existence in which wrong will be rebuked and virtue rewarded.

If the blessings of this world were all gathered together and then redistributed among all the people who live in it, in accordance with their deserts, there would be an amazing change in the ownership. Some who dwell in pretentious mansions would have to move out to make room for strangers better fitted for the occupancy, some of whose faces have never been seen in the gilded and fashionable resorts frequented by those who love their leisure more than they love justice. Some who have gone hungry all their days would partake of their first satisfying meal. Some who have never handled anything more useful than a golf-club or a gold-headed cane would exchange it for the pick and shovel. And some who have known nothing but toil would sit down for a long, long rest. No such exchange of blessings or burdens has ever occurred; nor will it ever occur in this old world; which is one of the reasons I believe there is another life ahead of us when and where it may happen. Yes, I am persuaded there is a time and a place when and where our disguises will all be laid aside; when and where we shall see each other face to face and know as we are known; when and where we shall be justly and mercifully judged, and be rewarded according to the merit which in this life is not always observed or compensated.

Sometimes it seems like a long time to wait for the righting of the things which even to mortal eyes are manifestly wrong; but after all time is so small a part of all eternity that we should not be impatient for the reckoning. No one will ever regret that some have enjoyed what they have not earned, while the deserving can afford to wait for the better days that are surely coming.

Then there is to be considered what we may call the perversity of fate, which, in spite of all men may be or do, determines to a degree the measure of their successes or failures. I know that good luck usually comes to the man who looks out for himself and earns it, while bad luck is apt to follow the indifferent; yet it is useless to deny the obvious fact that some people seem to enjoy the best the world affords, without any special effort on their part, while misfortune camps upon the doorstep of others, ready to enter uninvited at the first opening. Some of the most deserving and diligent people reap nothing but disappointment, living and dying with nothing to show for their pains and fidelity, while others, heedless of results, appear to have everything they want without a sincere or intelligent endeavor. I cannot help believing these misplaced rewards will some day be taken into account.

Again, the incompleteness of the life we now live creates the presumption that somewhere in the future the opportunity will be afforded to finish the things we little more than begin here upon the earth. I do not believe any one ever engaged in an enterprise really worth while who was not obliged to abandon it before its final

consummation on account of the limit fixed upon his days. This, of course, means less to the world than to the man himself; for in most such cases some one else steps into his place and carries on his work; but what a disappointment it is to be deprived of the satisfaction of pursuing our plans to the end; for they cannot possibly mean as much to any one else. Our own schemes are like our children; even if better cared for in other hands than our own, we never want to give them up.

Whatever its achievements may be, human life is barely begun before it is ended, if our existence in this world is all there is to it. The development of intellect and character is at best so slow and laborious that the wisest and best, though they may have lived to a ripe old age, seem to have gotten such a little way on the endless road of progress when their strength fails and they can go no further. We come into the world helpless and altogether ignorant of the ways of life. Existence from the very start is a struggle; and the end may come just when we have begun to emerge from the state of utter dependence.

The infant takes its nourishment and slumbers; beyond that it seems not to know or to care. At the end of a month it has not made as much progress as the lower animals in the same length of time. A kitten or a puppy when six weeks old romps and plays, and manifests its sense of pleasure and fear, while the babe at that age is still apparently unconscious of its surroundings. Slowly it begins to take notice of things beyond itself, and slowly makes the first feeble efforts at self-help. At the end of a year it may be able to stand alone, or may even

venture to take a few tottering steps; yet, if it tries to speak at all, its utterance is limited to a few simple and meaningless words. Twelve months have gone by—a considerable part of the average period of life; and the child is still a weak and helpless being.

At the age of six the little one has learned to run and to play, to laugh and to chatter, to express its joy and its sorrow, but it is still an infant and still has little knowledge of the meaning of life or of what it must encounter if spared to keep going. Then its school days begin, and from six to twenty-one there is little time for anything except to acquire an elementary knowledge of the things pertaining to human existence. It is books and class-room, class-room and books for fifteen years, may be longer, before we even begin to do the things we have chosen as our life's work. Practically half the distance has been covered, and little, if anything, accomplished.

When we enter upon our careers, after this long and tedious course of preparation, many of us make false starts and have to begin over again. It is like the contest on the race track, we often consume more time getting ourselves properly placed for the lifting of the barrier than is required to complete the circuit. And some are left at the post; so that, if they run at all, it is a hopeless and unprofitable undertaking. But even if there is no delay in dropping the flag, more often than otherwise the track is heavy and the going is slow.

Of the comparatively few who live to be old a small percentage are permitted to pursue their tasks without serious interruption. Aside from the countless interferences that come from the outside, our own limitations

slacken our pace, if they do not bring us to a complete stop. Like the fruits of the fields, man no sooner reaches maturity than he begins to decay; so that, if he borrows time and continues to live beyond his allotted days, the infirmities of age so impair his faculties that his later accomplishments are few and unimportant. Or, if by reason of his exceptional vitality and rare good fortune, he continues active till the very end, he still must realize that he has learned only the alphabet of life when the book of knowledge is finally closed and put aside. Ordinarily human experience repeats itself in the lives that are long drawn out; for, just as we come into the world frail and tottering so we depart. Can it be possible we shall never again take up the work we have left off and pursue it to some good purpose?

By far the greater number of those who live upon the earth are stricken down in their prime, if indeed they survive the period of their infancy. In the very noontide of life men and women, filled with the hope of achievement and sustained in their ardent endeavor by the alluring promise of better things ahead, are touched by the withering hand of what we call death, leaving undone the work in which they are engaged.

And then there is the countless multitude of little ones who are born only to open their eyes for a few short days or months, then to close them again in the very dawn of their existence. What, pray, is there to comfort the sorrowing heart of the fond mother who suffers to bring her babe into the world, and who gives it her untiring care in the days of its helplessness, if, when it is torn from the bosom about which it has entwined itself,

she may indulge no hope of its ever being restored to her arms and to her undying affection? If you have no faith in a future existence, whisper your doubt softly, lest you add to the distress of some one who sits in loneliness, and stand in dumb respectful silence when you look upon the open grave.

It is a very common occurrence to witness the early ending of a life with the promise of usefulness, while another who neither cares nor strives to accomplish any good lives on. One of the hardest things in the world for me to understand is what seems to be the untimely death of so many who are helping to make this old earth a happier and a better place, while life is prolonged for others who are not only useless but who at the same time are burdensome and destructive. People continue to live in health and plenty whose very presence is a manifest menace to society and a curse to all about them. Far be it from me to pass in final judgment upon men; but why some live and why some die I cannot reconcile to my conception of an all-wise God, without believing in a future life where these inequalities may be made right.

Somehow I have an abiding faith in the eternal purpose of human development; which cannot be, unless beyond this world the progress, which at best can here be no more than begun, will be renewed and continued until it brings us into a state of perfection no mortal can hope to attain until eternity delivers us from the limitations of time. And is it too much to hope that they who have made no progress here—nor have even tried to make any—may sometime be given a new chance to redeem their unprofitable lives and to justify their existence?

If to be orthodox one must believe there is never to be an atonement for the transgressions of those who live and die in their sins, and that they must be blotted out of existence or live on to be forever tormented, then write me down as filled with heresy; for I cannot yield consent to that sort of destiny. The fulfilment of God's purpose in the creation of mankind calls for no such ending, if I have any true understanding of his nature and attributes.

Not the least convincing among the many evidences we have of our immortality is the inherent love of life in every man's soul and the tenacity with which he clings to his existence. Excepting those rare cases when, weighted by the burdens they are no longer able to carry, or when reason is for the time dethroned, few there are who would not defer the hour of their dissolution; and much less would they invite it. It matters little what hardships they may have to endure, or how meager the returns for the sacrifices they are called upon to make, men do not want to hurry on to the grave. Whatever value they may set upon the things they possess, when death threatens there is nothing they will not gladly forfeit for their own deliverance. It was Satan himself who in his wisdom declared: "All that a man hath will he give for his life." And it is true.

Men will toil unceasingly and, if need be, will face all manner of peril, that they may accumulate riches; yet, if there comes a time when they must choose between their possessions and their lives, they do not hesitate to give up all they have and to pledge all they may thereafter acquire for the right to keep on living. And

though they may not openly declare it, all men, when they approach the grave, cherish the hope that some day they may come forth into a new existence. I cannot believe this universal longing could have been planted in our hearts only to be disappointed and never to be gratified. Take away from humanity the hope of eternal life, and you rob it of its strongest incentive to noble effort and leave it without purpose or reward.

THE PERFECT LAW

THE rules which men have formulated to govern their conduct toward each other are so obviously numerous, complex and contradictory that no man can hope to know them all, much less to understand them. Go into any well-equipped law library and you will see row upon row of ponderous volumes, piled from the floor to the ceiling, all dealing with nothing but our mutual obligations—what they are, how they may be enforced and how their infringement may be punished. The student of law may devote his entire life to a research of what has been written by the recognized authorities without more than touching the surface. One may graduate in the law at a reputable university, then diligently apply himself to the practice of his profession for many years, and still be confronted with few questions concerning which he may prudently venture an opinion without first consulting the standard books relating to the question.

Every independent state or political subdivision has its own statutory enactments and its own rules of interpretation. In addition to these we have the common law; consisting of the unwritten traditional rules of conduct handed down from generation to generation and accepted as the correct and enforcible standards of

living. In this our own country, the customs of whose people have not been of such duration that "the memory of man runneth not to the contrary," and which, therefore, are not invested with the dignity of age or the presumption of unfailing accuracy, we recognize and invoke the body of the English common law, the beginning of which is largely in the ancient unrecorded history of the British Isles.

Thus it appears that no one can be well versed in the legal lore of the country who is not fairly familiar with the English law; and to know that at all well there must be had some knowledge of its sources, including the French, the Anglo-Saxon and other systems, the channels through which they were transmitted having become vague if not altogether obscured. So the field of inquiry is necessarily boundless and bewildering; and it is not strange that we are neither certain nor in accord when we undertake to cite or to interpret the rules regulating human conduct.

And why all this cumbersome and complicated method of determining how men should live together in peace, without undertaking to fix in any way their mutual moral obligations, which no human tribunal attempts to define or to enforce? If indeed all the laws that are recognized by the civilized nations of the earth were perfectly clear in their meaning, and if they were unfailingly observed, we would still come far short of discharging all the duties which men owe to each other. The trouble is that the human law undertakes to deal altogether with the outward expression rather than with the underlying principles and motives controlling our

conduct. We seek to forbid the doing of those things which are manifestly unjust and harmful to others, and to require the performance of those acts which are admittedly essential to the orderly existence of society; whereas, if all men were controlled by the spiritual law, the entire code needful for our observance could be simplified and summed up in the one sentence: "Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them."

Have you ever stopped to consider that there is no obligation arising out of our manifold relations which may not be fully determined by an application of the principle involved in that regulation which, on account of its value and the measure of its refinement, has for centuries been designated as the "Golden Rule"? Whether it relates to the mutual obligations of parent and child, husband and wife, master and servant, guardian and ward, or to the ordinary relations which exist between men whose lives in any way touch each other, the answer is to be found in that one simple yet comprehensive rule, which has never at any time been revised or repealed; and which has never been questioned before any tribunal of competent jurisdiction.

If it could only be done, how much better, therefore, to revise men themselves than to add to their confusion by continuing to multiply and revise their laws to meet every changed condition. What we need most today is not law-makers, but law-observers. If some who are so diligently occupied framing statutes would give more attention to keeping some that are already framed, a good part of our troubles would be eliminated. In all

the statutes that have ever been written there is not as much wisdom or righteousness as there is to be found in the Golden Rule. Its faithful observance would so completely pacify our quarrels and so enlarge the measure of our beneficence that court or jury need never be invoked to adjust a single difference. Is not this ample justification for the statement I have already made, that the world is in sore need of a spiritual regeneration?

I have not the slightest doubt that all the grave problems which so seriously disturb the peace and happiness of the world, whether they be commercial, political or social, could be settled in a reasonably short time, if in all the relations of men the spirit of the Golden Rule were accepted and observed, instead of continuing the policies of self-interest so commonly practiced. With few exceptions, these questions are disposed of, if at all, by contending for every possible advantage without giving anything in return.

Generally speaking, the commercial transactions between individuals are conducted with the intent to procure "all the traffic will bear"—to borrow the expression used in matters of transportation. When an article of commerce is offered for sale the price is usually fixed with the idea of obtaining every penny the purchaser may be induced to give in exchange, and with little regard to its cost to the seller or its real value to the buyer. If you doubt that this is true, consider for a moment the extortionate prices asked and procured for the essential commodities produced and sold when we were at war. If there is ever a time when men should be generous, certainly no less than just, it is when their country is

called upon to defend itself and its people on the field of battle; yet among the comparatively few who were in a position to supply their governments with the things required to carry on the struggle, it was the exception and not the rule to find one who was not disposed to take advantage of the emergency. Some indeed were so intent upon their profiteering that they did not so much as take pains to conceal their greed; being restrained in their boasting only to prevent a disclosure of their unusual gains which might subject them to an honest basis of taxation. I can never have a particle of respect for any man who seized the opportunity afforded by his country's misfortune to enrich himself; and somehow I cannot help feeling that some day his iniquitous gains will curse him.

It was not the government alone that suffered from extortion during the period of the war. Just because conditions made it possible, unconscionable prices were extorted for the necessaries of life from every person whose need required him to buy. Not only the purchasing agent for the government but every citizen was compelled to pay more than its worth for whatever he might need; even the family of the soldier fighting at the front was obliged to pay tribute to human greed. In many a home it did not require the rationing order of the government to cut down the portions of bread and meat, sugar and butter served at the table. Many a plate was scantily filled, and many a stomach poorly provisioned because the purchasing power of the purse was not equal to the prevailing cost of three square meals a day. Untold thousands did not need to be taught to practice

economy in clothing their bodies. The high cost of wearing apparel compelled the most of us to be satisfied with almost anything that might serve to hide our nakedness. Yet in most cases there was no real justification for these unreasonable demands.

But we must not imagine that greed exploits itself only in times of war. Then it becomes more pronounced, often assuming the proportions of an epidemic; but no day is too peaceful to find the evidences of its existence. We were not at war when this country found it necessary to enact the law forbidding combinations in restraint of trade; a statute suggested by the common practice of men to enter into express or implied agreements whereby the production and distribution of the things essential to human existence were so regulated as to enable the fixing of common prices and common profits; setting aside the ordinary law of supply and demand and the influence of competitive trade. The statute was based upon the observation that there were many who are not only ready to take advantage of every opportunity to profit at the expense of other people, but who do not hesitate to join in the creation of fictitious devices to make such opportunities.

And it is not a sufficient answer to this indictment to remind us that many who thus obtain their riches are exceedingly generous in the use of them. Granting even that what they obtain by these questionable methods may be used for a better purpose than if left in the hands from which taken, there is not the slightest justification for the practice. Generosity is not a sufficient atonement for theft, nor charity for the daring deed of

the highwayman. The commandment, "Thou shalt not steal," carries with it no provision that it may be disregarded when the property stolen is devoted to a good cause. The right of ownership rests upon no such distinction.

I know perfectly well there are men and women who scorn to exact any unjust return for anything they may offer for sale or for any service they may render. Indeed there are many of them; but I fear they are in the minority. Moreover, there are many who, with no thought of being dishonest, overreach the limits of fair dealing. Their trouble is that they test the quality of their deeds by false and misleading standards, which they have taught themselves to believe are correct. They look upon anything as legitimate which is not expressly forbidden by law, and conform to a prevailing practice which they would not originate. It is amazing how often the permissible thing comes to be regarded as right.

I have never been able to understand those people who depend upon the law to fix the boundaries of their activities, instead of doing that which is obviously right and abstaining from that which no enlightened conscience can approve. There are men who respect the fence surrounding your property that would not hesitate to trespass upon your unenclosed possessions; and men who would not take a penny by theft, who would nevertheless set no limit upon the amount acquired by sharp practice. So the world has come to despise the petty thief, while it applauds the shrewdness of a transaction which impoverishes one to enrich another.

Unfortunately we attach too much importance to that

discretion which enables a person to claim the respect paid to a law-abiding citizen, when at the same time he seizes every opportunity to profit himself within the law, no matter what hardship or injustice it may entail upon others. The difference between a lawful transaction and a righteous one is often a very wide one, yet some do not seem to be able to see it.

THE WORKER AND HIS COMPENSATION

THERE is no question, perhaps, which has been the subject of more discussion, or of less permanent settlement, than that involved in the relations between capital and labor, as we ordinarily designate it. From the very beginning there has been a ceaseless controversy about the measure of compensation for human toil. It has resulted in class alignment and class conflict resulting in untold material loss, not to mention the bitterness and the hatred enkindled and the blood that has been spilled. Within recent years there seems to have been a nearer approach to a mutual understanding; but the end is not yet, and no man can forecast its arrival.

Scarcely a year passes in which some attempt is not made by one party to the dispute or the other—according to which may for the time be in the ascendency—to determine these matters by the enactment of definite laws; but little apparently has been accomplished to reach the heart of the trouble. When we are not quarreling over the old difficulties we are quarreling about the interpretation of the laws that have been passed to adjust them. Occasionally some measure is adopted which helps to minimize the disturbance; but no statute has ever yet been drafted to finally dispose of the issue, and it will probably never be drafted.

In the first place, the question is not correctly stated when we speak of it as a controversy between capital and labor; for that is at times misleading; and, moreover, there is no way of fixing the line where one leaves off and the other begins. Many capitalists labor, and labor hard. I happen to know a number of employers of labor who do more work than any one in their service. It is just as natural for some people to toil as it is for others to play; and they very often keep it up when there is no personal necessity for their doing so. It is also true that many who work because they cannot avoid it sooner or later accumulate a considerable amount of capital. So we have capitalists who labor and laborers who have capital.

Nor is this question in its broad and true significance confined, on the one hand, to those who employ labor, and, on the other, to those who work for a fixed wage. It comes just as close to men who work for themselves, if they are dependent upon that service for their decent existence. Take, for instance, the farming classes, who make up a very large percentage of our people. There is no class that toils harder or toils longer than the farmers, unless it is their wives. The greater number of them work for themselves, yet in most instances they must look entirely to the returns from what they produce for the support of themselves and their families. They are, therefore, just as much affected by the price of farm products as is the miner affected by the wage paid for digging coal; and there is as much iniquity in reducing his income by a fictitious and unfair depression of his market as there is refusing to pay the man who handles

pick and shovel the full value for that service. Let us not then restrict the real issue to the relations between the individual who passes out the pay envelope at the end of the week and the man who receives it.

No one, perhaps, can approach this question with less bias or personal interest than I. There has never been a time when I could fairly class myself as a wage earner, and surely I have never qualified as a capitalist. In fact, if the two were to assemble in separate groups to confer about matters pertaining to their disputes, I would not be able to get into either meeting, but would have to sit outside and await their adjournment. The greater part of my life I have been associated with men of capital; and, fortunately, my connections have usually been with liberal and fair-minded people, but I have spent enough time inside their enclosures to learn that they are not all alike. And I have also been in pretty close touch with laboring men, who have shown me they are not all alike.

There are notable exceptions to the rule, but I am not far from the truth when I say that ordinarily the man who has occasion to employ labor pays just what he is obliged to pay—not a penny more; while the man who sells his service takes just what he can get—not a penny less. That rule prevails for the reason I have already mentioned, that to most people anything that is lawful is right. So far, therefore, as the inclination to look after their own interest is concerned, there is little to choose between them; one gives as little as he can, the other takes as much as he can. However, in the struggle between them the advantage is unquestionably with the employer; if for no other reason, because he is usually in

a more independent position; and is, therefore, less obliged to accept terms which are not agreeable. The mill may shut down for days or for months without curtailing the food, the raiment or the shelter of its owner or of his family; but the dinner pail of the mill hand soon rattles with its emptiness when his employment ceases. The mine may close for a long period without any noticeable change in the operator's manner of living; but, when he ceases to dig, it is only a very short while before the children of the miner begin to cry for bread.

Neither the employer nor the wage earner is uniformly considerate of the other; and both of them sometimes forget the obligations they are under to the public. Their quarrels have not always been just on either side; in many instances, indeed, quite the reverse. By their failure to observe the terms of their agreements and by their frequent resort to violence, labor unions have time and again forfeited the respect and the sympathy which the public is inclined to bestow; then quickly the sentiment of the people veers in the other direction when some selfish and powerful employer flagrantly disregards the rights of the toiler.

I am convinced that the average man who hires the services of other people is both fair and generous, just as I believe the rank and file of wage earners is made up of men who want nothing to which they are not entitled. Their hostile contentions result from the greed and the arrogance exhibited by a few selfish persons who are conspicuous in industrial management and a few dishonest labor leaders who cannot escape the public eye.

No man can long defy public opinion and flout equity without reaping what he sows.

Not many decades ago a certain high official in American railroad management pursued a policy which, on account of its unfairness, subjected him to severe criticism. When one of his more humane associates ventured to call his attention to his loss of public favor, he indignantly resented what he termed outside interference and expressed his opinion of the common people in that historic utterance, "Let the public be damned." That phrase was not soon forgotten. For a while the public was damned; but while it looked on it learned the art. Then it went into the business itself, and did not stop until it had very definitely damned the railroads, from the effects of which they have not yet entirely recovered. It is a mistake to assume the public is lacking either in memory or in the disposition to avenge a wrong.

I may cite another case. A very prominent individual, who some years ago was the executive of a railroad which then owned and operated extensive coal properties, became engaged in a wage controversy with the miners. He would not even confer with the men who were in his employ, but viciously assailed them and shamelessly announced the astounding doctrine that a few superior individuals, including himself, were the owners of the earth's natural resources by what he saw fit to call "divine right." The public did not agree with him, and expressed itself so strongly that the President of the United States took a hand in the quarrel and compelled the coal operators to yield to the demands of the striking miners. That was not all. The doctrine of own-

ership by divine right was so offensive to the public that it did not cease its agitation until the federal government explicitly forbade railroad companies to own coal mines, requiring all that had them to dispose of their holdings. I mention these cases merely to show that it does not pay to invite war with the people by trampling upon them. Few, if any, have ever done it with continued success. From one extreme we quickly swing to the other; so that neither the man who employs labor nor the man who engages to work for a wage can press an unfair advantage too far without some day paying dearly for the experiment.

If any have suffered disaster because their oppressions have been resented, they have only themselves to blame; nor have they lacked warning. More than twenty-five hundred years ago the Prophet Jeremiah foresaw and distinctly foretold the judgment that would visit the oppressor, when he said, "Woe unto him that buildeth his house by unrighteousness, and his chambers by wrong; that useth his neighbor's services without wages, and giveth him not for his work." Nor was it to modify that statement that John the Evangel, six hundred years later, entreated the people, "Do violence to no man; neither accuse any falsely; and be content with your wages." As it was clearly shown, he did not mean to teach that the laborer should be content, like an abject slave, with any pittance that might be doled out to him; but rather that every man should be satisfied to receive what he might earn, without coveting or seeking to obtain that which belonged to another.

There can be no doubt that capital — if I may be

allowed to use that questionable term — has recently adopted a very much more liberal and conciliatory attitude toward labor than it formerly had. This to a degree is due directly to the better organization of working people; whereby they are enabled to protect their own interests and to enforce their demands more efficiently than ever before; but the change is due in a greater measure to the indirect influence of public opinion, the pressure of which cannot be successfully resisted. A comparatively small portion of the people belong to labor unions, but the great majority sympathize with the man who toils for his bread; and that majority, through the voice of public opinion, makes itself heard in behalf of labor, and its demands have not gone unheeded.

Better, however, and more enduring than all the outside pressure which has been exerted, is the disposition the employer of this generation is showing to deal fairly and even generously with labor; not because he is driven to it, but because it is right. There is little dependence to be put in the indefinite continuance of an enforced compensation, or in one that is grudgingly awarded.

I do not share the avowed opinion of some who insist that labor is receiving more than its just share of what it produces. Very many individuals, and possibly certain limited groups, are paid more than they earn, it cannot be denied; just as certain others get less than they earn; but, taken as a whole, I believe labor is entitled to every penny of the wage it now enjoys. The man who refuses to accept that view and to govern himself accordingly is far behind the trend of the times, and will have to bestir himself if he ever catches up.

The laboring man in this country is unquestionably much better off than he has ever been in former years, which, all things considered, is as it should be. It is not fair to compare his condition with that of the toiler in the bankrupt nations of the old world, as some are so pleased to do; unless at the same time we compare the condition of the employer in America with those of his class in European countries. True, the working man has more money than he used to have, but there is nothing to indicate that the one he serves has less, except the questionable returns that a few make when they report their taxable incomes. It is also true that the average working man lives in a better house and under better conditions than he did formerly. That, too, is as it should be. I have not observed the accumulation of any menacing surplus in the hands of the laboring classes. Their savings have increased, but not unreasonably, if even sufficiently. Nor can it be fairly insisted that they are lacking in frugality. Certain individuals, it is true, squander their earnings; but the working people of the world do, as a class, practice economy; often because they are obliged to.

I am not at all in sympathy with the view of some that what they call a living wage shall be accepted as a sufficient, if not as the maximum, return for one's service. We are forbidden even to muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn; and there is no good reason that I can see why working men may not be trusted with more than enough to meet their bare necessities. If by living wage it is meant that every man should be satisfied so long as he is able to earn what is needed to meet the

actual requirements of his living, I do not believe in it. Every able-bodied and energetic man is entitled not only to live but to live well, and at the same time to put aside a sum sufficient to supply his own wants and to take care of his dependents when he is disabled by age or misfortune. In considering the proper compensation for personal services we are too apt to base our estimates upon the assumption that the worker will have both the opportunity and the strength to keep himself busy every working day in the year, which every one ought to know seldom happens. With no fault of his own, there are times, and many of them, when employment is not to be had; and again, he cannot hope to keep at his task indefinitely without interruption by the ailments and casualties to which human flesh is heir. The factor of safety must not be overlooked when we figure what is even a living wage.

Surely no one will seriously contend that because men are dependent upon what they may earn by the diligent use of their hands they should be satisfied so long as their bare necessities are supplied. Are the toiling masses forbidden to share the luxuries of life? And must they never know what it is to enjoy economic freedom? I have been surprised to find so many, who are in other respects fair and reasonable, ready to criticize what they look upon as the prodigality of the wage earner who is disposed to spend a part of his earnings for the enjoyment of himself and his family in ways that are not essential to his existence. They call it an unwarranted extravagance. Sometimes their expenditures are unwise and imprudent, more often for the rea-

son that they are not justified by the amount of their incomes than for the reason that they are luxuries; but why should the man who labors honestly and diligently be denied any legitimate indulgence which others enjoy? Is his happiness a matter of less concern than the happiness of other people? Is he not as much entitled to taste of the sweets of life, along with the bitter, as the man for whom he toils?

While there is no possible justification for discriminating between classes in the distribution of the things which add to the enjoyment of life, except that the reward may be measured by the service rendered, the difference does actually exist, and has existed so long that we have come to look upon it as the unalterable rule of life. When I hear those who have an abundance of this world's goods, and who deny themselves nothing they may desire, comment on the extravagance of the wage earner who occasionally spends his money for something he could do without, I feel like saying, "Come with me, and let us find out who the extravagant people really are." First we would go to the habitations of men and ascertain who it is that lives in the mansion and who in the cabin. If you are looking for some one to do a day's work, you never think of going to the palaces among the trees and flowers and well-kept lawns to find him, but rather to the humble home. Nor would you look for him in the expensive apartment or fashionable hotel. That is not his home. You will not find him in a limousine on the avenue, unless he happens to be sitting at the wheel in the livery of a hireling. Those who serve others for pay ride in the flivver, when they do not walk; and they

thank God for Henry Ford, who put wheels under the poor man and gave him a chance to get out into the sunshine and pure air when a holiday or Sunday affords the opportunity.

Then let us go to the market place and inquire whose tables are served with the luxuries and delicacies of the season. They will tell you the choicest chops and tenderloins go to the mansion; liver and bacon to the cottage; caviar and endive to the big house on the hill, dill pickles and turnip-tops to the shanty down by the alley; hot-house strawberries to the one, dried apples to the other. And it must not be overlooked that the occupant of the pretentious home gratifies his own expensive thirst, and shares the guilt of the bootlegger, by supplying his sideboard with rare wines, while the toiler, whose dollar cost him an effort, must be satisfied with water from the spigot, and perhaps an occasional bottle of near-beer. And, if he smokes at all, it is not the fragrance of a Corona he inhales, but the fumes of a stogy or a pipe.

Then see how they array themselves. It is not the man who digs in the ditch or handles the hammer and saw that goes about in fashionably tailored tweeds and worsteds; you will find him working in his blue cotton overalls. At the hour for lunch he does not take the elevator to join his friends at the club; but he serves himself from his own dinner pail, or lines up at the sandwich counter or the pie wagon, occasionally treating himself to a plate of sausage and cakes at Child's.

Now go to the railway station and take a look at the incoming and departing trains. There you will see ordi-

nary coaches, parlor cars, Pullmans and diners; but the working man, as we call him, patronizes only the first named. And if a private car happens to be hitched on to the train, you may wager your last dollar it is not there for the accommodation of any wage earner. It belongs to some one who employs labor; and the cook and porter are the only menial toilers to be found within. Then tell me who own the private yachts and other pleasure craft lying at anchor in the harbor or leisurely drifting on the surface of the seas. They do not belong to men who are obliged to work for a living: of that you may be sure.

Go in the middle of the summer to the seaside, or to the fashionable resorts in the mountains, where those who can afford it, and some who cannot, seek their rest and recreation, and you will not find recorded on the pages of their registers the same names that are entered on the payrolls of the shops and factories. If you discern any one working there for a wage, he is not listed among the visitors, but is there to serve the guests. Among the tourists who take their ease under the sheltering palms of the Florida coasts, when the snows of winter blanket the regions further north, you will not find any whose hands are calloused by the implements of industry.

Ask them at Tiffany's, or at the shops on Maiden Lane, to tell you who buy their diamonds and pearls and other priceless gems, and you will find they are not bought on the installment plan to be paid for out of the savings from the worker's wage. So whenever or wherever you take the pains to inquire, it will be disclosed

that the luxuries and ornaments of life seldom fall into the hands of men or women who must work that they may live. Ninety-nine per cent. of all the money spent for the gratification of human vanity is paid out by the comparatively small class who do not need to work.

I am not condemning the people who have and who enjoy the world's luxuries. Many of them are most useful and deserving people; and we are pleased to have them fare so well; but it is neither true nor just that the laboring class should be charged with extravagance.

Some who are patient enough to read what I here write will not approve. Some will call me a socialist, or worse. It matters little to me; for I have no purpose but to tell the truth; and I am sure it will be much easier to criticize what I have to say than to refute it. No unbiased person can look the facts squarely in the face and say that labor is getting more than it earns. Some of the great fortunes have been built up by men who started as wage earners, but none of them ever got very far in the pursuit of wealth until they got out of the ranks. I challenge the citation of a single instance in which a large estate was left by one who had saved it all out of the daily earnings of his hands. The man who gets the highest wage that is paid could not accumulate what is now regarded as a fortune, even if he were able to save it all, provided he has no income from any other source, and provided he does not multiply his earnings by speculative investment.

I am pleased to see there is today a better understanding between the employer and the laborer than we have had in the past. They are coming together and confer-

ring about matters of mutual concern with more freedom and frankness; and there is reason to believe the situation will continue to improve. It is a mistake, however, to imagine that, because for the moment there is no serious conflict and no outspoken expression of bitter hostility, the whole trouble is, therefore, settled for all time. It is not finally determined, nor will it ever be by legislative enactment or by force. No terms of compromise that may be dictated by either party to a controversy can be permanent. A lasting basis for settlement must always be laid in justice, and must be reached by mutual consent. For that reason the differences between capital and labor will continue to manifest themselves when and wherever men refuse to be guided by the principles of the Golden Rule, and the spirit of human interest which lifts men out of their selfishness.

THE DECADENCE OF THE HOME

I HAVE come to believe that by far the greater number of the ills which commonly befall society have their beginning in the laxity of modern home life. It has never been my desire to assume the rôle of a professional reformer, but if I were to choose that calling I think I know just where I would start my work.

The family is an ancient and sacred institution; but in these latter days it appears to have lost much of the unity and the purpose which formerly made it the chief influence in preserving the sanity and righteousness of men. No country which does not cling to the sanctity of its firesides can hope to retain an exalted place in the esteem of the world, if, indeed, it continues to exist at all. Later in their lives they may be afforded larger opportunities for development, but men and women usually retain as long as they live the character formed in the home; and that boy or girl is to be pitied who is obliged to go outside the family circle to be taught the difference between right and wrong.

To get at the real reason for the prevailing laxity in meeting the mutual obligations of parents and their children we must look back of that relation. Fathers and mothers can neither understand nor discharge the duties they owe to their children when they neither

know nor undertake to perform their duties to each other. Children cannot be expected to respect or honor their parents more than their parents respect and honor each other; which to a great extent accounts for the deplorably scant observance of the fifth commandment. One who would successfully administer the law must keep it.

The ease with which the bonds of matrimony may be broken and the laxity with which they are observed when not formally severed encourage the hasty and ill-advised union of men and women so wholly unsuited to each other that peace in their homes can hardly be expected, while happiness is out of the question. The only true ground for matrimony — a mutual and unselfish devotion — is too often discounted, if not overlooked entirely; and couples stand before the altar to be joined together for reasons that ought not to be taken into account. This they do because they very well know that, if the experiment does not prove to be successful, it will be no difficult matter to make an end of it and try again.

Instead of wedlock being regarded as a sacred rite, as it was ordained to be, it is more often treated as a business transaction or a social alliance. It is no uncommon occurrence for people to marry for money, with no thought whatever of any other reason. And some are frank enough, indeed, to declare in advance that this must be the first and controlling consideration. Nor is this regard for the dollar limited to eligible youth. Their fathers and mothers frequently share it; sometimes going so far as to place their children on the open market to be sold to the highest bidder. I have seen

ambitious mothers shopping for sons-in-law who did not hesitate to fix the minimum fortune required to qualify. When people boast of their sons and daughters — or other kindred—having married "well," as they call it, you are given to understand they married money. And when one is spoken of as a "good catch," it means that his or her father has a good-sized bank account.

The experience the world has had in this sort of bargaining has apparently made no impression whatever upon this generation. Marriage for money is seldom successful, or even tolerable. The man who pledges his future happiness in the matrimonial pawn-shop does not often find himself able to redeem it. The same is true of any woman who makes a similar venture. The surrender of one's freedom, peace of mind and self-respect is a high price to pay for a financial accommodation, the benefits of which in most instances are of short duration. There are some people, of course, whose wealth is their only recommendation, who could never find anybody willing to live with them but for the cash bonus involved in the transaction. This may be an advantage to one who has riches; but the woman assuming the obligations of a helpmeet for the material comforts her husband is able to provide, and for that alone, will soon discover that she has not selected a cheap boarding house.

I do not mean that no attention whatever should be given to the prospect of a comfortable existence when marriage is contemplated. It is an important consideration, but not the first by any means. No man has a right to ask any woman to share his life unless he is

reasonably sure he will be able to give her a decent support, and has the sincere purpose of doing so; but there is a wide difference between a competence and a fortune. Then, again, no woman should accept the hand of a rich man unless she would be willing to accept it if he were penniless. Nothing, perhaps, has brought more discontent and discord into the home than the disappointments growing out of matrimonial alliances induced by the hope of financial gain.

There are those, too, who attach the greatest importance to social prestige; and seek it for both themselves and their children at any cost. Social climbers are apt to turn to wedlock as the most available ladder by which to make their ascent. It may not reach very high, nor afford a secure footing, but, if it gives promise of lifting one up above the crowd, there are many who will chance it. Just as marrying "well," with certain people and in certain communities, means marrying money, so a "brilliant" match to another class means taking some one conspicuous in society into the family.

The inclination of some to marry for money and of others to wed position has resulted in an extensive traffic between the people of this country and the nations of the old world: we having an abundance of money that we are glad to exchange for titles, and they having an abundance of second-hand titles they are eager to exchange for money. These international transactions still continue, though they have not often proven satisfactory. The advantage, however, seems to be with Europe; for American gold shipped abroad in these trades has served to lift the mortgage from many a royal castle,

while, so far as I am advised, no one on this side has ever profited by the importation of a foreign title. Just at this time the bargain-counters of Europe are crowded with the insignia of royalty, freely offered for cash or for country produce.

If the framers of our constitution had realized the extent to which our socially ambitious parents would be driven into the foreign market to purchase regal relics for their children, perhaps they would not have inserted the clause prohibiting the United States from creating titles of royalty. And I am surprised that the Home Market Club, which never ceases its pleading for a prohibitive tariff to protect the American producer, has not suggested a duty on imported titles, thus compelling our fathers and mothers, with social ambitions and well-filled purses, to do their matrimonial shopping at home. Or we might adopt another constitutional amendment, granting to the American people the right to manufacture their own Dukes and Earls. Surely there is no lack of the raw material; for we have some material raw enough for anything.

Brought up in the atmosphere of a home where the parents are ill-mated, and in consequence ill-tempered and ill-mannered, it is not surprising that the children of the age are lacking in that reverence and affection for their elders which is so essential to the maintenance of discipline and the formation of commendable habits; nor that they should go elsewhere in search of the amiable companionship lacking around their own firesides. The answer to the question so often repeated, "What is the matter with the children of this genera-

tion?" is to be found in the solution of that other query, "What is the matter with their parents?" There is no more reason to hope for the establishment of an ideal family, without giving it proper care, than there is to expect a good harvest from a field without cultivation.

The training of our young people is too often neglected entirely; and, when undertaken at all, is in too many cases entrusted to hirelings. The attempt to perform parental duties by proxy has never been a great success. We are indebted to the good men and women who faithfully engage in the rearing and education of other people's children. But for their valuable services these important matters would be appallingly neglected; but no fidelity on their part can ever completely discharge the debt that fathers and mothers owe to their own offspring. There is not much excuse for parents who permit themselves to become so absorbed in their work that they have no time for the training of their children; and absolutely no excuse for them when they allow their own pleasures or ease to interfere: as it often happens. The man who thinks more of his club than he thinks of his boys and girls, or the woman whose social engagements are better kept than her babies, has no right to complain when their children go wrong.

When I see so many girls and boys of tender years upon the streets unattended, when they should be at home, or see them frequenting those places which are questionable resorts even for grown people, the wonder to me is that the world has retained so much of its sense and decency. Surely it does not support the old doctrine of total depravity to find so many of them growing up

to be respected and useful members of society, in spite of the manifold temptations against which no one has taken the pains to protect them, nor even to give them sufficient warning.

I am not unmindful of the duties every child owes to its parents, but greater still, in my opinion, are the duties which every parent owes to the child which is brought into this world without its own consent and surrounded by influences which make it almost impossible to keep clean and straight, without constant and sympathetic care. To bring a child into being and then to leave it to form its own character and to shape its own career is like planting a tender flower among the weeds and thorns that grow on the commons and leaving it there to struggle unaided for its existence.

Playing golf or motoring is a very harmless and helpful pastime, when moderately indulged, but there is something wrong with that father who devotes all his spare time to the links or the road while his own son refills his flask in the back room of the community bootlegger. Social enjoyment is essential to every woman's existence, but there is something wrong with the mother who plays bridge till long after midnight, while her daughter, not yet out of her teens, dances to jazz music in some road-house.

It is futile to attempt to improve the state except by the improvement of the individual citizen, and that work must begin with the child when it is born. The practice of permitting the youth to grow up untutored, and then seeking to reform him by legislatures and jails, is like turning the colt out to run wild on the

plains, to be subdued later by the lariat and the spur.

One who sees and reasons cannot well escape the conclusion that there is grave need for the betterment of the home life of our people; and that may be accomplished only through a quickening of the fireside conscience. There must be a spiritual awakening of the fathers and mothers and of the children of the land, if their hearts are to be rightly inclined. Only by the rekindling of their mutual affections may they be led to serve one another with fidelity and with gladness.

THE TRUE FOUNDATION OF PERMANENT PEACE

LITTLE more than a decade ago the smouldering fires of hate burst into lurid flames that were not brought under control until they had swept over all Europe, only to leave it one broad and blackened expanse of waste and desolation. But peace has not yet come to the stricken world. The nations which sought each other's destruction have entered into an armed truce that is only partially observed. While the dogs of war are temporarily held in restraint, they still tug at their leashes, or stand stiff-legged, baring their teeth and muttering in their throats. They that were subdued are quiet for the time, while they lick their open wounds and seek to regain their fighting strength. Meanwhile their stronger foes watch with jealous alertness for the dropping of a bone in their midst to mark the renewal of hostilities.

Thoughtful men and women all over the earth, who love peace and justice, are apprehensive as they diligently search to find some way by which the passions of embittered men may be tranquilized and the distraught world be delivered from its own consuming rage. How are we to save ourselves and our children from a recurrence of that awful conflict which tortured the bodies and degraded the souls of men, is the question uppermost in the minds of all righteous people. Pulpit and

platform are discussing it; the columns of the press are filled with its consideration; and wherever two or more persons are gathered together it is apt to be the topic of conversation. But while we continue to plan and to hope the nations of the earth are again entering upon the pursuit of the very things that estranged them, and are engaging again in the very policies that so effectually destroyed their amity. All of them are endeavoring by diplomatic strategy, or by the intimidation of force, to gain some advantage, or else to strongly entrench themselves that they may not need to fear the conflict.

There is merit and helpfulness in many of the suggestions that have been made to restore and to keep the peace of the world; and certain plans that have been measurably put into effect have unquestionably served a good purpose; but I do not believe we shall ever come into the full enjoyment of a universal or permanent concord until the hearts of men are purged from their greed and selfishness. And as to the fulfilment of that desire one can only say: "How long, O Lord, how long?"

First of all, there is nothing upon which to base the expectation that a dictated peace can endure. The terms of an undertaking written with the point of a bayonet command respect only so long as that instrument remains sharp and threatening. An agreement coerced by brute force, like any other concession obtained under duress, carries with it no sense of that moral obligation which guarantees its observance when the dominating hand relaxes its severity. The bandit who no longer molests the public because he is in chains or behind strong bars is not necessarily reformed; he may be pa-

tiently awaiting the hour of his release, with the cherished and growing intent to renew his unlawful attacks and to wreak his vengeance upon all who have temporarily restrained him. The mute and cowering captive must not be mistaken for a placated enemy; his very meekness may be assumed to hasten the opportunity to visit his concealed wrath upon those who have disarmed him. It looks to me as if the lull in the excitement at this time is not because the game is ended, but rather that it marks a momentary pause, that the hostile factions may relieve the tension while they fit themselves for renewed efforts. It is not the repose that comes to men when they have finished their struggle, never to take it up again.

Nations may submit to terms that are dictated by superior powers, and may even give ready acquiescence to the demands that are made upon them, but they never become reconciled to a peace based upon what they deem to be an injustice; and every peace is considered unjust by those who must yield to conditions imposed without their consent. They patiently submit while they wait for the day of their deliverance and redress. The slave faithfully serves his master only so long as there is no chance for his freedom. Given the opportunity to escape the restraint which weighs so heavily upon him, he forthwith rebels. It is for that reason that I place little confidence in the measure of peace which now seems to prevail; for the weaker nations which now yield unwilling obedience are hoping for and planning their future deliverance at any cost.

We hear a great deal about the rehabilitation of the countries that were so cruelly devastated by the late war.

Gradually, we are told, they are coming up out of their ashes and regaining their wasted strength. But to what purpose? Have they profited by their appalling experience; and are they building upon a surer foundation? There is apparently no less of selfishness in their aims, and no more of tolerance and equity in the bonds of their friendship. They are seeking to reëstablish themselves not upon a basis of mutual faith, but upon fear and jealousy, greed and conquest; so that again it may be said of them:

> "But the jingling of the guinea helps the hurt that honor feels,
> And the nations do but murmur, snarling at each other's heels."

Nations are indeed nothing more than territorial groups of individuals; and there is no reason why they should not be measured by the same standards. The virtues which make men great likewise glorify a nation, while the traits of character which bring reproach and ruin upon the individual cannot fail to accomplish the shame and destruction of the country they dominate. There is no harmony in the household or in the community where covetousness and suspicion abound; neither can there be amity among the countries that glare at each other with envious eyes.

Strangely, indeed, in respect to the preservation of their mutual peace, the world seems to have profited little, if at all, by its long and bitter experience. The peoples of the earth have the same quarrels and the same conflicts they have always had; their enmity is born of the same spirit of selfishness that has always prevailed;

and such measures as they now propose to abate their strife are the same that have failed for centuries. They continue to put their trust in veiled and hypocritical diplomacy and in the force of arms. Even at this very time there is less sincere effort in the council chambers of the world to effect a permanent reconciliation upon terms that are generous and just than there is to gain some advantage that will enable one to triumph over another; while there seems to be no thought of security except in the supremacy of the sword. The nations that talk of peace, while they openly impoverish themselves to create the implements of war, can no more hope to establish enduring friendly relations than two men can expect to promote their mutual confidence by a blatant avowal of their good will, while they doff their coats and shake their firsts in each other's faces.

While admittedly far from being perfect in all its details, the League of Nations is by long odds the nearest approach we have yet had to a substitution of reason for war. The good it has already accomplished more than justifies its creation, although its beneficent results are minimized by the selfish inclinations of those who are entrusted with its administration. All are apparently eager for its enforcement when it is manifestly to their own advantage, but question the wisdom or interpretation of any provision which entails a sacrifice. So its accomplishments are both restricted and delayed by the prolonged discussions in which each participant seeks by every means possible to outwit the other.

My own country, the beloved United States of America, which, through its accredited representatives, was

more than all others responsible for the League, quit the game before the first hand had been dealt; and, in spite of all that has been said, has yet to offer a better excuse for the withdrawal than the fear that we might possibly lose more than we stand to gain by sitting at the table. And those who were responsible for our exit overlooked entirely what has been obviously demonstrated, that by our refusal to play the game we lost more than can ever be reckoned in dollars and cents, namely, a surrender of the moral leadership of the world.

When the countries across the seas engaged in what appeared to be a struggle unto the death the people of the United States very soon put aside their fear of entangling alliances, and rushed to the fray with an irresistible impetuosity never before witnessed in the history of men. About the only criticism, indeed, that was offered to the course we pursued was aimed not at our going into the fight, but at the tardiness with which we approached it. America was not afraid to mingle with the foreign nations when they were in the midst of the most cruel war recorded in human history, but later she strangely took fright at the thought of mingling with them when they are at peace; a cowardice wholly unworthy of a great and a righteous people. We had the courage to fight with them but were afraid to trust ourselves at their council tables.

The manner in which we engaged in the war and the tremendous assistance we afforded, without asking anything in return, challenged the admiration and the confidence of all the world. The high ideals by which we were impelled and the unselfishness of the service we

rendered promptly freed us from the suspicion not only of our allies but of our foes as well; so that they turned to America and implored her to lead them out of their confusion. But their plea was unheeded. In the midst of their disturbing chaos we turned our backs upon the stricken countries of the old world and bade them work out their own salvation; refusing to assist in that stupendous task, lest we might become involved in their peril. Since then we have shown neither the courage to work with them nor the good grace to refrain from interference; for we continue to offer advice without sharing responsibility. In every attempt that has been made to solve the problems bequeathed by the late war American representatives have attended, not officially, but officiously. We have designated them as "unofficial observers," and have denied that their presence is accredited or even approved by our government; though we are quick to take credit for anything they may be able to accomplish. Our attitude has indeed justified the suspicion that we are ready to claim any benefits that may come to us on account of their presence, but will repudiate anything they may do against our interest. Is it any wonder that we have lost our rightful place at the head of the procession?

Not on account of its own vindication, but because of the splendid work it has already done, it is exceedingly gratifying to see the League of Nations continuing on its way and daily enlarging its influence, in spite of the many obstructions some have deliberately placed in its road. Certain of our own people, who are conspicuous in the affairs of the country, do not hesitate to comment,

with ill-concealed delight, upon the weaknesses and the failures of the League. It has its weaknesses, to be sure, and in some of its undertakings it has failed; but, if the United States had given it the support to which it is entitled, its strength would be enormously increased, and in many instances it would succeed where it now fails. Certainly it does not become a nation or an individual to gloat over the shortcomings of an institution, when to a degree at least they might have been avoided, if assistance had been offered in lieu of criticism.

The opposition to the League of Nations has become so virulent and uncompromising with certain people that they cannot view with tolerance anything akin to it. If there is merit in any plan proposed to help the world to live in peace or to even minimize the horrors of war, surely it ought not to matter from what source the suggestion comes; yet the Court of International Justice is outlawed by some, for no other reason than that it happens to be the child of the League. There can be no mistaking the aim of that tribunal, and there can be no real question about its usefulness. In the conduct of our internal affairs we not only recognize the importance of the court of justice, but we go further, and compel the submission of individual quarrels to their jurisdiction. It is not conceivable how we could preserve the public peace and guarantee the administration of justice, if we were to abandon our courts. And there is no good reason why the controversies arising among the nations of the earth should not be likewise adjudged. It is perfectly true that, by reason of human fallibility, right does not invariably triumph, even in the temple of justice; but

no man who does not question the righteousness of his own purpose could ever desire the abolition of the judge and the jury. If, therefore, this country seeks nothing to which it has no just claim—and I am slow to believe that it does—why should it fear to submit its controversies to an international court?

While our isolation is certainly of doubtful ethics, there might be at least a selfish excuse for keeping within the political stockade with which we have surrounded ourselves, if we might thereby guarantee our own safety. But that cannot be done. The League of Nations had not so much as been conceived when the late war broke upon us. There was no agreement, expressed or implied, requiring us to take part in any European quarrel. Yet we did take part with all our might. The crosses that mark the graves of those Americans who bravely fought and died on foreign battlefields bear mute testimony to the unwillingness of our patriotic men and women to remain beyond the sound and range of hostile guns when the frontiers of liberty are threatened. And should civilization again be assailed, with or without a League, I for one shall be sorely disappointed, if this country remains indifferent and if her sons and daughters retire to a place of safety to await the verdict.

Moreover, there is no escaping the effect of the League's activities by declining to join in its deliberations. More than fifty of the countries of the world are already in it, and more and more will it come to be accepted as the proper tribunal to consider and to determine the grave problems that are from time to time confronting the world; and our absence can neither forestall

its hearings nor annul its awards. Is it the part of wisdom, therefore, that we should fail to have voice in reaching the conclusions which must directly or indirectly affect us, and sit by in silence while others pass judgment? Assuming, if you please, that the decisions of the League might be against our interests, they will surely be none the less so on account of our failure to be heard; nor will our absence furnish any ground for reversing the findings. The members of the League are committed to the enforcement of its decrees. If we have no part in reaching them, it remains for us to either submit without a hearing or to resist the award unaided. I say unaided, because it is inconceivable that we should form an alliance with the few who remain outside the League against those who are included; for, if we must join with either group, certainly the nations already within the enclosure offer a more inviting comradeship than those outside.

But I am not yet ready to believe that the American people have no concern except for their own safety. I am not yet willing to admit that they would exchange their birthright even for the guarantee of their perpetual enjoyment of material things. I know there is too much truth in the accusation so often made, that we love the almighty dollar and chase it with avidity. I know that we too often give evidence of our devotion to material things and of a consequent moral laxity. I know that we are sometimes given to pride and arrogance. But underneath it all America has a soul that can be touched, and I have faith that she will some day seek to save it by answering humanity's call for help, and by

putting her strong arm under this poor old sick and tired world to lift her up out of her despair.

Apparently men have not yet ceased to believe that they must look for their safety to the strength of their armament; hence the cry the world over for preparedness; behind which term some would screen the plans they make for conquest. Of course, no country can afford to abandon its means of defense so long as others keep themselves in a state of readiness for war; and that in itself makes it desirable that we should create and maintain some sort of alliance similar to the League of Nations whereby there may be effected a universal disarmament by mutual consent; for it can never be accomplished by separate and independent action.

Preparedness, as we term it when people make ready to fight, might possibly restrain our inclination to war, if all were equally prepared; which, of course, is out of the question. A few of the rich and powerful countries might readily equip themselves at a cost utterly prohibitive to all the rest; thus leaving the small and the weak at their mercy. That might prevent war between the armed and the unarmed, but it would not prevent the former from tyranizing over the latter. Thus it would resolve itself into a survival of the fittest, and the fittest to survive in war is the richest and strongest, not necessarily the most worthy to survive.

Moreover, we must not forget that the possession of arms affords the temptation to use them. No country in all the history of the world ever gave more attention to preparing itself for war than did the German Empire during the years preceding the late conflict. So confident

indeed had she become of her ability to dominate the world by force of arms that she did not hesitate to defy and to challenge any and all who opposed her plans. If Germany had not been so sure of her martial prowess, she would have been content to continue on the way of her extraordinary industrial progress and to live at peace with her neighbors. Believing, however, that she might easily extend her borders and subdue her competitors by the invincible force of her armies, she was tempted to strike the blow that shook the very foundations of Christian civilization.

Men do not use deadly weapons unless they have them at hand when they are tempted. That is why the law forbids their promiscuous possession; and it is because these laws are not properly observed that our country is disgraced by her murderous record. If some of our legislative bodies that seem so anxious to put additional restrictive measures upon our statute books would give attention to the suppression of the gunmen who imperil the safety of our citizens, they might occupy their time to better advanage than they sometimes do. The very sight of deadly weapons seems to have a belligerent effect upon a great many. The environment of the men who are trained for military or naval service inclines them, if not to war, then at least to martial display. Few men in the navy do not advocate the enlargement of our fighting fleet; and there are few soldiers who do not want to see more men in the uniform of the army. The people who are for peace are the men and the women whose lives are devoted to the quiet and useful pursuits, where they do not inhale the smoke of sham-

battles and listen to the roar of musketry; and where the conversation about them is not entirely concerning the glory of triumphant arms.

I have great faith in the saving power of deliberation. A quarrel is well on its way to settlement when those who engage in it may be induced to lay aside their weapons and sit down to talk over their differences as man to man. So that anything which tends to bring contending parties together with the thought of parley is an instrument of peace. Just as abusive language and the threatening gesture provoke animosity, so it is difficult to look into the eye of one who speaks gently without being inclined to friendliness. It is as true today as when it was written that "A soft answer turneth away wrath: but grievous words stir up anger." If in the early months of the year nineteen hundred and fourteen the leaders of all Europe could have been persuaded to forget their armies and navies and to come together as the guardians of the world's peace to talk over the things that disturbed them, does any one doubt that humanity might have been spared its worst crime? Surely in all that gathering there would have been some who by the kindliness of their voices and the persuasiveness of their reason could have tempered the wrath of their adversaries and pointed the way to an honorable and lasting peace. And whether that be true or not, it is perfectly plain that the readiness of certain countries for the conflict hastened the beginning of that awful carnage. And, what is more, in the end their boasted preparedness did not save them from the humiliation of defeat.

Whatever merit there may or may not be in the plans

that are offered to save the world from bloodshed, it is certainly true that everything we have tried in the past has failed. Therefore, we are not discarding the foundation of any real hope when we look in some other direction for our deliverance. Diplomacy has failed; for we have learned that nations may be depended upon to observe their treaties only so long as they find it to their interest to do so; and preparedness has failed; for, if you will take the pains to review the history of the world, it will be seen that the countries which have more often provoked war, and which have waged it with unrelenting bitterness, have been those which at least believed they were prepared to give a good account of themselves.

I do not indulge the hope that I shall live to see the complete fulfilment of the prophecy that "Nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more." Nor do I fear the disturbance of my peace by the clamorous beating of swords into plowshares and spears into pruning hooks. The few years that may possibly remain for me upon the earth will hardly suffice to accomplish that full purpose; for strife cannot entirely cease till the hearts of men are regenerated and purged of their bitterness. Yet I confidently believe we shall see men and women come to a better understanding of the atrocity of war, and more and more be inclined to outlaw those who would defend it or who seek to glorify its bloody conquests.

No man is more deserving of honor than the one who bears arms in the defense of a righteous cause. I pay sincere tribute to the soldier who forgets his own peril to

battle for the truth; but I despise the selfishness and injustice that make it necessary for a patriot to shoulder his gun or unsheath his sword. War at best is brutal, and degrading to all who must wage it.

SOWING, THAT OTHERS MAY REAP

My critics—if I am fortunate enough to have any—will, perhaps, inquire whether I expect to witness such a spiritual regeneration of the hearts of men as will rescue the world from all the ills that rob life of its peace and contentment. Frankly, I do not. Neither, indeed, do I expect my children or their children to see the consummation of that end so greatly to be desired. But I do most sanguinely hope for a start in that direction, even while I am here. Unless I wholly mistake the signs of the time, it has already begun. Human progress may be painfully slow, and we may experience seasons of discouraging relapse; but this will not prevent the final attainment of the goal, if we continue patient and steadfast.

It was only recently that a body of women representing all the great nations of the earth assembled in the City of Washington. By a unanimous vote they recorded themselves for disarmament and for the outlawry of war. They may not be able to accomplish forthwith the reforms to which they set themselves, but when the women of the world undertake to teach their children the virtues which so vitally concern their happiness and well-being, the fruit of their sowing will surely be gathered in the harvests of the coming generations. In

any matter of conscience and right I had rather have the approval and support of our mothers and sisters than of all the platform and press. It is in the tender years of youth that we are taught the virtues of life; and it is to woman's care that we are then happily committed.

Men are prone to limit their vision to the limits of the short period of their own existence in this world; and they are too much inclined to believe that nothing will ever be done that is not finished while they are here. That the processes of man's redemption are slow and sometimes tedious should not lead us to doubt its final success. If it be true that untold ages have been required to lift men out of their primitive existence into the estate they now enjoy, have we any warrant to hope for his gaining perfection in the short span of a generation? The centuries that may be consumed in the task may slowly drag themselves by, but they will not be missed out of the vast eternity that lies ahead. All that we are concerned about is to see that the beginning of no good work is too long deferred, and that nothing is omitted to hasten its conclusion.

One looking back upon the achievements of recent years can hardly believe that anything is impossible in either the material or immaterial world. Traveling rapidly across the continent aboard a modern train, which affords the comforts and luxuries of a well-appointed home, it is difficult to realize that it was only about a century ago when the first crude attempts were made to use the locomotive as a means of transportation. There is now scarcely a habitable spot on the globe which is not penetrated by the lines of glittering steel

which guide the speeding trains freighted with men and merchandise. Yet some still live who were born before the iron horse was harnessed and hitched to serve the American people.

Less than a century ago what seemed to be a miracle was wrought when the first intelligible message was sent over the wires connecting two distant points. Now the art of communication has been so perfected that we are abandoning the metal threads that link us together, while we hurl the voice around the globe through empty space.

When I last picked my way across the crowded avenue, jumping with fear and trembling from the path of one automobile into the path of another, it would have been hard to make me believe that this engine of joy and destruction was not to be seen upon our highways little more than a generation ago. The marked progress of this horseless age may be better understood when we stop to consider that in the year nineteen hundred and twenty-four more Americans were killed and maimed by the automobile than were lost and wounded in all the land and sea battles of the Spanish war.

Then there is the aeroplane. Less than a quarter of a century ago it gave its first encouraging demonstration that men might soon mingle with the birds of the air in the altitude and swiftness of their flight. And it was not many years earlier when no patent office in the world would consider the application papers of any one claiming the discovery of a method by which a machine heavier than air could sustain itself and propel its own progress through the heavens. Such a theory was contrary to

all physical law, and the very suggestion was scorned by scientific authorities. But the miracle happened; and now it is a common occurrence for men to soar above the clouds and the towering mountain tops, and even to venture themselves in flight from shore to shore of the broad and turbulent seas.

Nor has human progress been limited entirely to the realm of material things. In spite of the shameless cruelty of the late war, which made it appear the human race had forgotten all it had learned since the world began, and that we had for a time relapsed into a state of primitive barbarism, men have gone steadily on in their march of mental and spiritual development, attaining heights and achieving triumphs which not so long ago were looked upon as being reserved for distant days, if not impossible of accomplishment.

A very great number of men and women are still living and active who distinctly remember when slavery was a recognized institution in American life, and was defended by as many people as assailed it. Nor was the division of sentiment local or territorial, as so many of the younger generation mistakenly believe. There were abolitionists south of the Mason and Dixon line; and there were slave-traders and slave-owners in the North, who did not hesitate to advocate the practice until it ceased to be profitable. Then some of them sold their slaves to their Southern neighbors and began to preach liberty. But we have moved on; and today I do not know a single soul who would willingly witness the involuntary servitude of any human being, except in those cases where men forfeit their right to liberty by the com-

mission of crime. Such a thing as the ownership and barter of their fellow mortals is no longer thinkable; and no sane man or woman would dare advocate it openly. Freedom is more desired and more respected today than ever before in all the annals of time.

Of still more recent date is the political emancipation of our American women. It was only a short while ago that the woman who stood up and demanded the right to express herself at the polls was looked upon as a freak or a monstrosity, which sometimes she was, but not on account of her belief in the equality of suffrage. No sooner had the shackles been stricken from the colored slave than he was invested with the full rights of citizenship, although most of them were unprepared to exercise them intelligently; yet we continued to deny the same privileges to our mothers, our wives and our daughters.

The alien who came to America for the material benefit offered, and who had no sense of a moral responsibility in assisting to uphold the institutions so close to every patriotic heart, was at the end of two short years given a full voice in the administration of the affairs of the government; but the women who were born here and who loved our flag were required to keep silent. Happily, however, the world kept moving on until at last men condescendingly conferred the right to vote upon their sisters, who, though they may not always use it wisely, can certainly do no worse with it than the lords of creation have done in the years gone by.

Another institution has forever vanished in the last decade, which had formerly not only had a legalized

existence but was a dominant and audacious influence in our political and social life. I refer, of course, to the late but not lamented saloon. Just a little while ago it stood defiantly on almost every busy corner, emitting through its screened doorway the fetid fumes so offensive to both the nostrils and the moral sensibility of every decent passerby. It has gone, thank God; and the place thereof shall know it no more forever. There is as little hope of the restoration of the saloon as there is danger that we may return to human slavery or that we may again disfranchise the women of the land. Indeed, if there is any one who believes in the saloon—even among those who enriched themselves by its iniquitous traffic across the bar—he does not dare to stand up before the people and declare it. Still, it was but a few years ago that the few who bravely denounced the liquor business were regarded as fanatical dreamers, if not actually unbalanced mentally.

Indications of advancement might easily be multiplied, but these suffice to show that the world is climbing to a higher level and to encourage the belief that still other dreams may come true. One need not fear to be called an idealist; for that is what men have always been called when they had the faith and the vision to look out into the future and discern the coming of things that are hidden from those whose eyes are upon the ground. Sometimes we sit in darkness not because the skies are overcast, but because our windows need cleaning; and the sun might as well hide behind the clouds, if we insist upon pulling down the shades and shutting out the light. Because I believe in God, and believe in the good pur-

pose of human existence, I confidently hope for the ultimate redemption of the world; which may not happen today or even tomorrow, yet which may be hastened by our fidelity to that which is manifestly right.

We cannot do much to make the world better by quarreling with it. The best way to spread righteousness is to live it. The successful salesman is not the one who talks longest or loudest, but the one who demonstrates the value of what he has to offer. Perhaps I was somewhat restrained in my conduct by the scoldings and punishments administered in the days of my boyhood; but the sincerest desires of my heart to do right were inspired by the consistency with which my devout father and mother from day to day lived the truth they sought to teach me; and even now nothing so much shames my manifold failures as the blessed memory of their gentleness and forbearance.

It is not so much tolerance that we need as charity. Tolerance smacks too much of patronizing self-righteousness. We tolerate the things we dislike, and tolerate the people we consider beneath us. Our greater need is for that catholicity of spirit which enables us to see the good and to hide the faults in other people, and to exhibit that kindliness which is not born of pity but of brotherly affection.

The graces of humility and love may not attract much public attention or get much advertising, yet it is the unheralded virtues of men and women to which we must look for the world's salvation. If we may only begin each day with a sustaining faith, live each day with an unselfish devotion and end each day with a profound

gratitude, all will be well. Somehow I cannot help feeling that the spiritual regeneration of the world is closer at hand than we have been prone to believe; and somehow

"Day by day I think I read more plain
This crowning truth: that, spite of sin and shame,
No life that God has given is lived in vain;
But each poor sin-polluted soul
Will struggle free at last, and reach the goal,
A perfect part of God's great perfect whole."